

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1922

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THE WRECK OF THE "COLUMBUS"; OR, ABANDONED IN THE ICE.

By HOWARD MASTIN
AND OTHER STORIES.



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The Wreck of the "Columbus"

OR, ABANDONED IN THE ICE

By HOWARD AUSTIN

CHAPTER I.—The Victims of the Wreck.

The dreadful winter of 1865 must be yet remembered by everybody who experienced it, although what it was in our latitudes was nothing to the severity it developed further north. It was just at the commencement of this remarkable winter that Captain Blaine, of the United States exploring ship Columbus, got caught in the pack ice and was wrecked on an island in the Arctic ocean. The ship was a total wreck, and with much difficulty Captain Blaine and his crew of twenty-five sailors and officers managed to make their way to the island in the long boat, the only one saved, and which was only capable of carrying the company, with scarcely any provisions for them to subsist upon.

It was one of the most desolate spots on the face of the earth, and the prospect of rescue from their perilous situation was extremely uncertain as only a few of the most venturesome whalers ever penetrated so far north at this season of the year. But here they were on this dreadful island, completely covered, if not made up of ice, and thousands of miles away from home or civilization. Their case was hopeless indeed, but it was made even worse by the spirit of insubordination which existed among the crew, led by the first mate, Hank Walker, as great a rascal as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship. Captain Blaine had started out on his expedition the year before, hoping to discover the north-west passage and reach the North Pole. He was a fine-looking, powerful man of about fifty years of age; a thorough sailor, and a man of education and great ambition.

With him was his son James, aged fifteen, a lad earnestly awake and full of the spirit of discovery, and who had been allowed to go along with the expedition at his persistent and earnest solicitation; and being a very rugged boy, his father finally consented that he should quit school in order to accompany him to the frozen regions of the north. The first year out had been a successful one in many respects, and they were on their way to the south when the great misfortune, before spoken of, happened to them. At the opening of our story Captain Blaine and his son were standing on a high promontory, and gazing intently out upon the boundless ocean in the hope of seeing a sail of some kind that could be signaled to, while the crew stood near an inlet, in which floated the long boat with which

they had escaped from the wreck, that still lay a mile or so from them, dismantled and broken.

"Seaman! Navigator!" sneered Hank Walker, who had already been wrangling with the crew, the most of whom were favorable to him. "There lays a specimen of his seamanship," he added, pointing to the dismantled hulk of the Columbus. "Who says he is a good sailor? Who has the cheek to call him a navigator?"

"But the pack ice, mate, that——" ventured a sailor.

"That should have been avoided; would have been avoided by a good seaman. But it's all right if you will submit to it," said Walker, turning away.

For a moment there was nothing said, but after awhile the crew began to growl again.

Among the crew was a ruffian by the name of Jack Studley, a big, burly fellow, who was forever in a row with either the officers or men; one of those chronic growlers to be found in any ship's crew, and only two days before the wreck he had refused to obey an order given by Captain Blaine, and had received a well-merited beating at his hands, since which time he had maintained a dogged silence toward all hands, even in the hour of wreck. The members of the crew knew well enough, however, that he would revenge himself on Blaine at the first opportunity, and although he took no part in the revolt just agreed upon, they knew well enough that he was with them to any extent, although every one of them hated him.

"Well, my son, things don't look very hopeful," said Captain Blaine finally.

A grunt was the only response.

"But this island may be inhabited, and I have made up my mind to explore it. You remain here, and watch if anything comes ashore from the hulk, and I will return in a few hours and report what I find."

And then going closer to Walker, he added:

"Mate, see that the men don't get at that cask of brandy while I am gone. We must keep that for any case of emergency that might arise."

Hank Walker made no response, and taking up the only piece of firearms that had been preserved, he motioned to the son and walked away, climbing over the glaciers and huge cakes of pack ice. The crew watched him out of sight without speaking a word, and then they turned to Walker.

"Oh, I'll keep the men from the brandy, will I! We shall see about that," said he, picking up a hatchet and moving towards the cask. "Men, do you want brandy?"

"Yes—yes, of course we do!" they all cried.

"Well, help yourselves," he said smashing in the head of the cask. "That's the kind of a commander I am," he added, throwing down the hatchet.

With a glad shout they all rushed for the now open cask and free grog. There was one tin dipper among them, and then followed a savage struggle for the first chance to use it. One after another seized it and dipped it full from the open cask and drank as long as they could hold their breaths. Finally Jack Studley, who until then had stood apart from the others, rushed up and snatched the cup from one of his messmates.

"Hold on, Jack," protested the sailor.

"Hold on! I'll hold on to your cursed wind-pipe if you give me any of your back talk," growled Jack, and then going to the cask, he drank nearly a pint of raw brandy which he dipped eagerly from it. The others looked on in dogged silence, for not one of them was there who did not fear him.

"I say, Jack, are you with us?" asked Walker, after the rascal had drunk his brandy.

"No, I am going to stick to Captain Blaine until I get my revenge," said Studley.

"But will you join us?" asked another sailor.

"Join you! join the evil one! What better is Hank Walker than old Blaine? Ah! he and I have a score to settle yet," he added, walking away.

"Never mind him. I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll put to sea in the long boat and leave Blaine and his kid and Jack Studley here together. That will give Jack all the chance he wants to get even with him. In fact, we shall be well rid of the three of them, for that will give us more room in the long boat," said Walker, aside.

"Ay—ay!"

"Hush! here comes Blaine!"

The crew scattered around and looked in any other direction than the one from which he was coming.

"Men," said Captain Blaine, "I am sorry to tell you that this is a wholly barren island, probably five hundred miles from Spitzbergen. In fact, it is little better than an iceberg. And to make it worse for us, the terrible night of four months' duration, which occurs in these high latitudes every year, is just coming upon us."

"Father, what shall we do?" asked his son.

"Do the best we can, and show ourselves worthy of being American seamen. What—who has broken open the cask of brandy?" he asked, gazing from it to the crew, who were now entirely under the influence of it.

"The captain bust it," said a sailor, insolently.

"The captain?"

"Yes, Captain Walker," said Walker, going toward him with folded arms, and a most insolent swagger.

"What! Mutiny?"

"Call it what you like. The men have chosen me captain, and I shall act for them accordingly."

"Hank Walker, do you dare look at me and

say that you have headed this mutiny?" demanded Captain Blaine, severely.

"Yes; is that enough?"

Captain Blaine was wild in an instant. Glancing around he saw that the revolt was general, and that he had no hope.

"Lemme fix this with him," said Studley, staggering toward them.

In his grasp he held the hatchet with which Walker had broken in the head of the brandy cask, and it was evident that he meant murder.

Quick as thought Captain Blaine seized the rascal, and after a moment's struggle he wrenched the weapon from him and hurled him five times his length upon the ground, where he continued to lie, prone, stunned and seemingly dead.

"Who next?" demanded the brave captain, glancing from one to another.

"All!" they shouted, turning upon him.

"All?"

"Ay, all! We have done with you."

"And are you all going to follow this scoundrel?" he asked, pointing to Hank Walker.

"Yes—yes!" was the response.

"Twenty-five to one! You are a brave lot, are you not?" he demanded, sneeringly. "What is it you want?"

"We have decided what we want, and we have also decided how to obtain it," said Walker.

"How?"

"We are going to put to sea in the long boat."

"Very good; that is the very thing I had made up my mind to do," said Captain Blaine.

"Indeed! Well, we have concluded to go without you," sneered Walker.

"Without me?" exclaimed Blaine.

"Yes."

"Then take my boy with you. Do you leave him here to perish in this dark northern cold."

"Bah! Come, men, get into the boat. We will board the old hulk out there and get provisions enough to last us to some whaling station, and then we shall be all right," said Walker, and instantly, with a glad shout, they made a rush for the boat.

"But here is Jack Studley," said young Blaine, "are you going to leave him?"

"Oh, we will leave him with you. He will most likely make it lively for you," and with a derisive laugh they shoved the boat from shore and six oars dipped at the same moment, sending her through the floating cakes of ice and away from the terrible island. Utterly paralyzed, Captain Blaine and his boy stood and watched their departure as they sent back their mocking laughs, and rowed toward the hulk of the Columbus.

"Are they really going to leave us, father?"

"There can be no doubt about it, my son. They are brutes, every one of them," replied Captain Blaine, sadly.

"See, they are rowing towards the hulk!"

"Yes; they are probably going there to get some provisions to last them on their journey. Oh, the heartless rascals!"

"What will become of us, father?" asked the boy, clinging to him.

"God only knows, my boy. The island is perfectly sterile, and scarcely a bird ventures here," said he, walking a short distance away. "Ah!

they have overlooked the gun!" he added, catching it up, with an expression of ecstasy.

"And here is a box of ammunition!" said the boy, catching it up eagerly.

"Thank God! We shall be enabled now to shoot an occasional gull or other bird, and perhaps in this way keep off starvation until some succor may come to us," exclaimed Captain Blaine.

"True; but what shall we do for a shelter?"

"I had not thought of that," replied the old man, sadly. "There is not a tree or shrub upon the island. But perhaps we can find a cave somewhere."

"A cave in the ice!"

"Even that would protect us from the blasts which sweep the island with such paralyzing breath."

"Yes, but there are three of us, and one our most avowed enemy. Oh, I am afraid of that man," said he, again clinging to his father.

"You need not be. He is a cowardly wretch, and will not dare to harm you while I am here with you."

"Look, father!" cried the youth, pointing to the hulk.

CHAPTER II.—Abandoned in the Pack Ice.

The exclamation from the son of Captain Blaine attracted the attention of the father, of course, and looking in the direction of the dismantled hulk of the *Columbus*, he saw flames shooting from it, and the mutinous crew rowing away toward the open sea.

"Oh, God! They have destroyed the hope that I was secretly clinging to!" said he, almost completely overcome by his emotion.

"They have set fire to the *Columbus*!"

"Yes; not content with having abandoned us on this desolate island, they have helped themselves to what provisions they wanted, and have destroyed the rest, hoping and believing that we shall surely starve. Oh, you merciless villains!" he added, springing upon a large boulder of ice, and shaking his fist at the fast receding boat.

A loud, derisive laugh floated back over the expanse of the merciless ocean. Young Blaine turned to Jack Studley, who still lay in his half-drunken, half-stunned condition.

"Jack—Jack!" he cried, seizing and trying to arouse him; "they have abandoned us! Wake up! They have left us here alone on this desolate island, and have burned the hulk of the *Columbus*. Wake up, Jack!"

The sullen drunkard raised himself partially, and gazed wildly around.

"See! they have abandoned us. There they go yonder, and we are left alone!"

"Abandoned us?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Yes, there they go. See! and they have abandoned us here together!" the boy almost cried.

"Us! Who is us?" asked Studley, fixing his bloodshot eyes upon him with fierce expression.

"Why, you and I and father," said he, pointing to the captain, who still stood upon an eminence watching the receding mutineers.

"You and I and your father? Have they left us here alone?" he asked, savagely.

"Yes. Isn't it too bad?"

"Ah, they have left him for me!" he cried, as he caught up the hatchet, the only other remaining weapon that had been left them.

"For you?"

"Yes, for me to wreak my vengeance on. Life I do not care for, and freezing is an easy death; but revenge is sweet past all other sweets of life. You shall die first, and he shall see me kill you—see you writhe in agony first, and then I will slay him in cold blood!" he cried, seizing the boy by the hair of the head and pulling him over backwards.

"Help—help—help—father, help!" shrieked the boy.

"Ha, you cry in vain!" shrieked Studley, as he raised the hatchet above his head.

Quick as a flash, Captain Blaine darted to the rescue of his son. Catching up the gun which stood against a wall of ice, he confronted the rascal. Studley had fondly hoped that both of them were unarmed, and seeing the shotgun aimed at his head, he skulked away like a kicked cur.

"You rascal, what were you going to do?" cried the captain.

"To murder your brat!" hissed Studley.

"Villain, I have a mind to shoot you dead!"

"Never mind; my time for vengeance will come; you cannot escape any more than I can; you have the advantage of me with that gun; but powder and shot cannot always last, but this hatchet will outlast us both; so beware, for I live only to be revenged for what you have done to me!" he hissed, as he darted away and was soon lost to sight behind some glacier jet-ties.

Captain Blaine watched after him for a moment, and then turned to his son.

"Did he hurt you, my boy?"

"No, but he would have killed me had you not come to my rescue," replied the boy, clinging to him and gazing anxiously in the direction that Studley had gone.

"But he will not dare to return here, now that he finds me better armed than he."

"But what shall we do? It is bad enough to be thus deserted, but to be left with such a fiend as this is, it is dreadful!"

"And yet there is no fear. He has no food or means of procuring any, for he has nothing but that hatchet; so he will surely return to us and forget his animosity."

"Pray God he may, and yet I fear not," said the boy, sadly.

"Be courageous, James, and fear not."

"Father I will pray and fear not."

"So mote it be!"

"Heaven will surely help us, father!"

"My boy, yes; but Heaven helps those most who help themselves. We must contrive to communicate with the world lying south of us," said the captain, leaving his boy and climbing up the steep sides of an iceberg or crag that he might get a better observation.

During the next fifteen minutes he intently watched the motion of the water, the direction

of the currents, etc., and finally rejoined his son.

"Is there any ray of hope, father?"

"Only a faint one, my son."

"How faint—what is it, father?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"As nearly as I can judge without the aid of a compass, the tide which sweeps by this island makes toward Spitzbergen. If we only had something that would float a message and be picked up by someone who would come to our rescue."

"A bottle?"

"Yes."

"There is a brandy bottle here somewhere," said the boy, looking around. "I saw Jack Studley drinking from it not long ago, and when he had finished the contents, he flung it fiercely away."

"Then, of course, it is broken to pieces."

"Let us be sure of it," and he still continued his search among the ice crags. "Ah; here it is!" he finally exclaimed, "and it is not broken."

"Thank God! It may be the means of our rescue. Is there a cork in it?" he asked, eagerly, catching it from the youngster's hand. "No, there is no cork," he added, pathetically.

"But cannot we seal it in some way?"

The captain stood a moment in meditation.

"Perhaps the cork is somewhere hereabouts."

"Search for it, my boy, and meantime I will write a message," said he, taking a memorandum book from his pocket.

Kneeling on one knee, and placing the book upon the other, he wrote as follows:

"Island somewhere near Spitzbergen, about latitude 70, longitude 30 or 40, October 5, 1865. The exploring ship Columbus wrecked and crew mutinied. Captain Blaine and son abandoned by them and left to perish. Come to the rescue!"

"CAPTAIN BLAINE."

"There; if the tides favor, this may reach some of the whaling stations or may be picked up by someone who will come to the rescue. God speed it!" he added, fervently, as he folded the message closely.

"I have found the cork, father!" exclaimed the boy, joyously.

"Good! Heaven is on our side! Take heart, my boy, we shall yet escape," he added, as he took the cork from his son's eager hand.

They both knelt, but just as Blaine was on the point of placing the message inside the bottle, the youth seized and kissed it fervently.

"Poor, dear mother, when she was alive, always told me to waft a kiss with my prayers and they would surely be answered. This message is my prayer and yours, and mamma, who is an angel now, will surely hear it," said he.

"If Heaven does not hear that prayer it must be deaf indeed," said the father, with trembling voice, as he proceeded to fold the paper and thrust it into the neck of the bottle.

"Mamma is there, and she will surely hear it."

"God grant it!" said he, forcing the cork into the bottle with all his strength so as to make sure that no water could penetrate it. "Now then, to throw it far enough out from the ice land on which we are to insure its not striking a

cake of ice, and thus splintering and shivering our only hope."

He climbed to an eminence overlooking a space of open water, and watched carefully for a chance to throw the bottle. After waiting for some minutes, he finally discovered an open space, and kissing the messenger once more, he threw it far out into the water. The tide bore it rapidly away amid the cakes of floating ice. He watched it till it was lost to view, and then returned to his son. At this season of the year in these high latitudes, the days are not more than two hours long, and they were rapidly growing shorter. In a short time the sun would slowly sink beneath the southern horizon, and then would follow four months of dreary night and darkness, the meridian light of which would scarcely equal our twilight. The prospect was dreary enough; but with stout hearts the father and son proceeded to make the best of their situation. The first thing to do was to contrive some sort of shelter from the bitter winds and storms and snow which seem to prevail continually in these latitudes. The burning hulk of the Columbus was by this time almost wholly destroyed, and they watched it, as masses of the floating ice seemed to contend with the flames to see which should have the honor of finally destroying what was left. Suddenly there was an explosion, for the fire had reached a keg of powder, and the air became filled with pieces of the wreck, after which the tide, with its surging burdens of ice, swept over it, and the Columbus was no more, even as a wreck. Captain Blaine and son knelt, with bowed heads, as though the last hope had gone from them.

CHAPTER III.—A Change of Scene.

Six months have passed since the close of the last chapter, and, leaving the characters already introduced in their dreary abode on the ice-ribbed island of the faraway north, where the long night of four months' duration had set in, let us change the scene and become acquainted with other characters who are to figure in the story. There was assembled one evening at the house of a wealthy merchant in Portland, Maine, a fashionable and cheerful party. There were gathered some seemingly unknown to care, and bright lights shone over fair women and brave men as the music swelled just enough to drown the hum of conversation which was kept up.

Among the most beautiful girls present on this occasion was Miss Clara Blaine, the only daughter of Captain Blaine, whom we already know. She was fair beyond all her companions, and was courted by all and sought in marriage by many, but by none more ardently than by George Prescott, a handsome and wealthy young man, and the owner of the staunchest and most beautiful first-class steam yacht sailing in eastern waters. But she had repulsed him in a sweet and merry way, although it was a repulse all the same, and he felt it most keenly, and avoided meeting her whenever he could do so without seeming rude. Clara Blaine never appeared more beautiful or vivacious than on this occasion.

She was the center of an admiring group, many of them old friends and acquaintances of her father, a man quite as highly respected in Portland, his native place, as he was all over the country on account of his many achievements in polar navigation.

It had been at least ten months since they had heard from the Columbus, but there was no alarm felt on that account, for even more than a year had passed on one or two different expeditions of his without his being reported; and so Clara Blaine laughed, danced, sang, flirted, and was as happy and joyous as she could be, never for a moment suspecting the fate that had befallen her heroic father and brother. George Prescott was there, admired, and respected by all, but he was by nature held above the frivolities of life, and now, as ever, took no part in the wilder and more giddy parts of the entertainment, although his admiring eyes lost not one of the graceful evolutions of his heart's ideal as she flitted hither and yon, now and then, even, bestowing a word or smile upon him as he sat apart or conversed with the more sedate people present.

"Poor girl!" he mused, as he watched her. "If she only knew the fate that has befallen her brave father, she would not be quite so joyous."

"Ah, good-evening, George," said an old man, approaching him, "I am glad to see you."

"As I am to see you, Mr. Bailey," he replied, grasping his hand warmly.

"But why are you not dancing with the other young people—have you got your pious legs on?"

"Oh, no, but——"

"But you are still a trifle sore over the refusal of Clara Blaine. Ah! I know it, my boy, I know it. I had just such an experience as that myself once. But it will never do to give way to it, George. Brace right up the same as I did, believing that there is just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and you will, I hope, find, as I found, that it is true. And yet you should not be despondent or hopeless, even in relation to Clara. She is young and unsettled yet, and does not know her mind. She certainly is not in love with anyone else."

"Do you think so?" asked Prescott, earnestly.

"Why, I am sure of it. Haven't I known her ever since she was a baby, as I have you, for that matter? And doesn't she associate in the most sisterly and confidential way with my daughters? And doesn't she regard me and my wife as parents almost, especially since her mother's death? And why should I not be in a position to judge of the matter? Yes, I am sure of it, my boy. Brace up, and don't let her think you are pining on her account."

"Sir!"

"Oh, I mean it. I am an old man, and I know the sex pretty well. You seldom gain anything by letting them know that you are so deeply in love with them. Appear indifferent, and pay attention to other girls, and, my word for it, if she has the slightest love for you it will soon manifest itself."

"Do you think so, sir?"

"I tell you I am sure of it. Follow my advice."

"Well, perhaps it is good, but I have got something else to attend to now," said Prescott.

"Indeed, what is it? You certainly cannot mean business, for you are rich enough already, and as for pleasure, why, what greater pleasure can you find than courting the ladies in the hope of winning one of them for a wife?"

"A greater pleasure, sir, as matter are, in doing a humane action."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I shall sail from here in my yacht the day after to-morrow."

"Indeed! Wither away?"

"To the Arctic Ocean."

"What! Going to the Arctic Ocean?" asked the old gentleman, with genuine surprise.

"I am. My crew is all engaged, and just as soon as Captain Walton gets the bunkers filled with coal and a year's provisions on board, I shall immediately set sail."

"But what is the meaning of this? Why do you provision your yacht for so long a time?"

"Because I may have need of such stores," replied Prescott, quietly.

"But why this reticence toward me? Is there any secrecy?"

"Yes, for her sake it is best that secrecy be maintained," said he, glancing to where she stood in animated conversation with a gentleman.

"For her sake! Whose sake?"

"Clara Blaine."

"Confound it, I do not understand you. Is there any reason why I should not?" the old man asked, as if hurt at his want of confidence.

"No, Mr. Bailey, there is not, so long as the nature of the business is kept to ourselves so that it may not reach her ears."

"I can't for the life of me understand you."

"Will you agree to keep the secret if I give it to you?"

"Certainly; why, of course. Do you doubt me?"

"Not for an instant. Let us go into the next room where we may not be so liable to be observed or overheard," said he, leading the way to another room.

"Ah! here we are, all by ourselves. Now tell me all about it," said the old merchant.

"Look at that," said Prescott, handing him a stained piece of paper.

Mr. Bailey took it and read as follows:

"Island, somewhere near Spitzbergen, about latitude 70, longitude 30 or 40, Oct. 5, 1865. The exploring ship Columbus wrecked and crew murdered. Captain Blaine and son abandoned by them and left to perish. Come to the rescue."

"CAPTAIN BLAINE."

"Good God!" exclaimed the old merchant. "What does this mean?"

"Evidently what it says."

"But where did you get it?"

"Two days ago, you remember, I returned from quite an extended cruise to the northward?"

"Yes."

"And you know that I picked up a boat's crew of a wrecked whaler?"

"Certainly. The papers are full of the great exploit. Why?"

"The poor fellows are well cared for, now——"

"Of course they are, if you had charge of them."

"After drifting about for two weeks, they picked up a bottle in what they supposed to be latitude 50, and on breaking it, this paper was found."

"God in Heaven!"

"Of course the poor shipwrecked whalers could do nothing. Keeping the document which had been so strangely thrown to them, they continued to drift at the mercy of the chilly deep until I rescued them, as you know. Well, after they had partially recovered, and we were speeding to the south, they told me about the finding of the bottle, and gave me this paper. Now you know whether that is the handwriting of Captain Blaine or not?" he added.

"Why, I will swear to it," said Mr. Bailey.

"And so will I."

"And you propose——"

"To go in search of him," said Prescott, resolutely.

"God bless you, my boy—God bless you!" exclaimed the old man, grasping his hand. "The idea of our best friend and distinguished fellow citizen being abandoned among the pack ice of the North Pacific Ocean! Good Heavens! And—and—George, my boy, it is nearly six months since this was written. Only think of it! They may be both dead by this time, and all hope annulled before its birth."

"I hope for the best, Mr. Bailey; but at all events, I may be enabled to recover their bodies, and return them to their friends."

At that instant a wild shriek behind them attracted their attention, and Prescott turned just in time to catch the fainting form of Clara Blaine in his arms.

She had overheard all!

"Good Heavens! She has fainted—and in my arms!" exclaimed Prescott, sustaining the fair burden.

"That is all right—but she has overheard us."

"I fear she has," muttered Prescott, as he bore her to a sofa in the room.

"Are you so very sorry that she has clandestinely learned of your good intentions?"

"Yes; I did not wish her to know it," he mused.

"But she evidently does."

"Yes—yes, I—I overheard all, George Prescott, and I shall not apologize for eavesdropping," said the beautiful girl, recovering from her faint. "My dear father and brother are in danger, if not dead already, and your noble heart prompts you to this rescue. Oh, I never knew how good and true you were before. You are going to find them?" she asked, going toward young Prescott with extended hands.

"Heaven helping me, I will rescue them, Miss Blaine," he replied, modestly.

"But will you not grant me one favor—one other beside the one you so generously propose?"

"If I can I will, Miss Blaine," said he, bowing.

"Allow me to accompany you?"

Prescott started back in surprise. By this time the room was filled with the other guests who had been attracted by the outcry, and they crowded around Prescott and Miss Blaine.

"Miss Blaine, it is impossible to grant your request."

"Impossible?"

"Yes; for it is not only a rough, unpleasant voyage, but the propriety of the thing might be questioned with very good reason."

"Propriety in such a case—propriety when a daughter and sister goes to the rescue with you!"

"But you forget that you would be the only female on board; think of that, Miss Blaine."

In spite of her earnestness, this struck her with great force, and she hesitated.

"George," said a middle-aged lady, one of the anxious spectators, approaching him.

"Aunt Huldah!" said he, bowing.

The person thus addressing him was his maiden aunt, Miss Huldah Yumper, an eccentric lady of wealth and social position, and greatly attached to her manly, handsome nephew.

"You know how I dislike the water?"

He smiled and bowed.

"I have heard all about the situation, George. Your only objection—and it is a good one—is that Miss Blaine would be the only lady on board?"

He bowed again.

"That shall be remedied."

"How?"

"I will go with her."

"You?"

"And she shall be my companion—I will be her protector," said she, encircling Clara's waist.

"Oh, will you, though?" asked the anxious girl.

"With all my heart, Clara. You will be both safe and proper while I am your protector and chaperone," said she, decidedly.

She was rather a pleasant-faced lady, but with the exception of her nephew, George Prescott, she abominated men of all stations and degrees.

"Oh, you are so good and kind!" said Clara, kissing her with fervor.

"We shall be perfectly safe, and all I want is a maid who can attend to both our wants."

While this conversation was going on between them, Mr. Bailey was assuring George Prescott that it was an excellent arrangement, and urging him to accept it.

"Aunt Huldah, you are a heroine!" said he, taking both her hands.

"George, don't be a flatterer; don't be like the rest of your sex. I am no heroine. I simply think it my duty to accompany this poor, dear girl on this expedition in search of her father and brother. When must we be ready?"

"Day after to-morrow, aunty, at noon."

"Very well. You can be ready, can't you, Clara?"

"Yes; I am ready now," said she, earnestly.

"Nonsense, my dear, you cannot possibly think of going on such a voyage with a low-necked dress on, and exposing your beautiful round shoulders in that way," said she, speaking to her aside.

"I never thought of that. But I will return home at once and get ready," said Clara.

"Do so, and I will engage a waiting maid, and be ready to join you on the yacht before the hour of sailing. But remember, my dear, you

must go well provided with wraps and warm furs, for the voyage will be a dreadfully cold one."

"I shall be well prepared," said she, going from the room leaving the others standing around, talking earnestly regarding the probable fate of the bold navigator of whom they had heard in such a strange way.

"George, go right ahead with your preparations, for we will be all ready to accompany you," said Miss Yumper, bowing, and leaving the room.

The other members of the social gathering clustered around young Prescott, either in quest of more information, or to congratulate him on his heroic resolution to go in search of the bold and hitherto successful navigator.

CHAPTER IV.—Getting Ready to Sail.

George Prescott had inherited a fine old family mansion from his father—one of the finest and most aristocratic in the State of Maine; and being an orphan, he lived in it with a few servants and some congenial friends, the envy of hundreds of marriageable girls, but wholly uninfluenced by any of them, save Clara Blaine, who, as we have seen before, did not favor his suit. His Aunt Huldah Yumper was, in reality, at the head of his household, although she did not make it wholly her home, being independent, and having one of her own, although, in a general way, her will was law there, especially when Prescott was away on his yachting excursions, as he frequently was.

But connected with the establishment, as general superintendent of the outdoor part of it, was an old, superannuated sailor, Jack Jumper, who had been in the elder Prescott's employ for many years, and George regarded him with the same favor that his father had always bestowed upon him; and although he was of but little earthy use, on account of his age and ailments, still he kept him, more for the good he had done than for what he could do, although he was far from being a sloth or a slouch. Jack was an Irishman, but from boyhood, almost, a resident of Portland; and he had a few family relations there, among whom was a worthless fellow, a regular Irishman, by the name of Tom O'Shanter, a ne'er-do-well of the first water, and as he had no other blood relations there, Jack felt that he was in a measure responsible for him. Tom had been loafing around for some time, living generally on his old Uncle Jack. He had not long before married a neat little Irish girl, but they had quarreled and separated, and at this date they apparently did not know anything about each other.

By some means or other, Tom heard about the expedition that George Prescott was about to start upon, and thinking that perhaps he might get a good, easy berth through his uncle, he made his appearance at the mansion the next morning after the events spoken of in the last chapter. Jack Jumper was all business that morning, getting things in readiness to be taken aboard the yacht, and Tom's appearance was anything but welcome.

"Out of that, yer blackguard!" was his first salutation. "What brings ye here?"

"Me futs," replied Tom, with a broad grin.

"Bad luck ter 'em! Where's yer wife?"

"She left me."

"As she had a right ter do, for no dacint creature would live wid ther loikes av ye. What are ye here for?" he demanded.

"Sure, I want a job, Uncle John."

"Go ter ther divil for it."

"That's what Father Malloy tould me ter do, an' I've obeyed him."

"Out!" exclaimed old Jack.

"Be aisy wid me, Uncle John. Sure, yer moight have been young an' onaisey onct yerself."

"Suppose I was? What then?"

"Sure, then ye know how it is yerself," said Tom, smiling.

"Be out ov this! I niver was a blackguard loike yerself. Be away wid ye!"

"I hear that Mr. Prescott is going on a long voyage. Is that so?"

"It is," replied Jack, savagely.

"I'd loike ter go wid him."

"Ye can't; that's flat."

"Now, sure, uncle dear, aren't ye me own mother's brother?" said Tom, coaxingly.

"Bad luck ter me, but it's no credit."

"Sure, I'm goin' ter be good."

"Thin go hang yerself."

"But that wud make ye unhappy, Uncle John."

"Divil a wanst. Try it."

"Sure, ye'd loike me av I war good," said he, smiling sweetly upon him, and he was a handsome, winsome young fellow, a perfect picture of Jack's dead sister.

"Begone wid ye," said he, but not half-mad.

"De ye moind me, Uncle John? I'm goin' to reform, so I am."

"Reform! It isn't in ye ter do it."

"Give me a chance an' see."

"I've no chance ter give ye."

"Sure, but ye can make one."

"How?"

"On board the Yankee Land, so ye can."

"Divil a wanst."

"Why not?"

"Because the complement is full."

"Every berth taken?"

"Yis, every one."

"Thin how am I goin' to reform? Sure, ye can do it if ye wish, Uncle John," said he, coaxingly.

"I tell ye there isn't a show. The crew is all engaged and aboard."

"Couldn't I get on as cabin boy?"

"No, there's one engaged. Divil a thing is there but one," said the old sailor.

"Faith, I'd like ter know."

"Well, I'll be afther tellin' yer. It's a lady's maid ter Miss Yumper. Now fut der yer say?" asked the old man, laughing.

This did rather stump the young scrapegrace, and he remained silent while his uncle continued to laugh at his discomfiture.

"Uncle John!" said he finally, as though a brilliant idea had struck him.

"What is it?"

"Will ye befriend me?"

"How?"

"I'll go for ther lady's maid!"

"You!"

"So I will."

"Yer crazy!"

"So I am, ter get out av this. Sure, I think she'll have me arrested for abandonment."

"As she ought. But phat do yer mane by wantin' ter go as lady's maid?"

"Now, Uncle John, yer wouldn't want ter see me carried ter prison—yer own flesh and blood—wud yer? I can dress loike a maid, an' have a long, foine trip; an' afther that I'll settle down an' be aisey."

"Can ye dress loike a girl?" old Jack asked.

"I can. I have some av Kate's clothes at home."

"Go an' let me see you do it," said he, pushing him from the room.

He had scarcely gone when Miss Huldah Yumper entered it.

"Ah, Mr. Jack, I am in trouble," said she.

"For ther want av a man, miss?" he asked, touching his hat respectfully.

"No—no! What nonsense, sir! The idea of my being in trouble on account of a man!" said she, indignantly.

"I beg yer pardon, miss, but when yer come ter a man an' says as how yer were in trouble, why shouldn't I thiuk it war on account of a man?"

"Nothing of the sort, sir! You know I told you that I was in want of a waiting-maid to accompany me on this expedition, and I have not yet been able to find one. Do you know of a person who could fill the office?"

"I think I do, miss," replied Jack.

"Indeed! Where is she—who is she?"

"Shure, she's me nace."

"Your niece? Well, that would be capital. Is she used to the sea?"

"She is, Miss Yumper. But, sure, she is not a verry pretty girl."

"Where is she?"

"I'll send for her at wanst, miss."

"Do so without delay, for I must have this part of the business settled. Have her here as quickly as possible and I will soon return," said Miss Yumper, hurrying from the room.

"Begorra, but this is a lark!" mused Jack; "I wonder can the young blackguard carry it out without betraying himself? It'll be ther death av us both if he makes a mess of it," he mused, as he proceeded with the packing of a trunk.

In the course of half an hour Tom O'Shanter returned to the house, made up so nicely that even old Jack did not know him, for, in spite of his being a ne'er-do-well, he had many smart things about him, and dressing in women's clothes so as to imitate a girl was one of them.

"Is that yerself, Tom?" asked Jack.

"It is. How'd yer loike me, uncle?" asked Tom, whirling around coquettishly.

"Sure, but that bates me entoirely. She was just here, an' she wants yer bad."

"Whoof! I'm ready," exclaimed Tom.

"Hush, bad luck ter yer! Der yer think a dacint girl wud be shoutin' an' howlin' that way? Be aisy, or you'll spoil all. Now, whist! Yer name's Maggie O'Shanter: der ver moind?"

"I do."

"An' yer must be as much loike a girl as yer look all ther toime. Hush, I hear her comin'! Look yer best now," said he, pushing him into a chair.

Tom had some trouble in arranging his wardrobe soon enough to meet the emergency, but he had just succeeded in doing so when the door opened and Miss Yumper entered.

"Ah, is this the young person, Mr. Jack?"

"It is, miss."

Tom got up, somewhat awkwardly, and made as polite a bow as he could in petticoats.

"Miss Maggie O'Shanter, at yer service, mum."

"Well, Maggie, do you feel competent to take the position?"

"Faix, miss, I fale compitint ter take anything that don't weigh a ton, so I do," replied Tom.

"Have you ever waited on ladies?"

"Sure, I have; one especially."

"Was she pleased with you?"

"Troth, she seemed ter be, miss."

"Have you a character?"

"Sure I have, an' a good one."

"Let me see it."

Tom started back in surprise, and Jack acted very nervous, evidently fearing that he would "put his foot in it."

"Well, never mind. You are recommended by your uncle here, and I will engage you. Go at once and get your things on board the yacht, and be there to join me by noon to-morrow," said she, and again hurried from the room.

"Whoop!" exclaimed Tom, dancing around.

"Whist! ye blackguard!" said Jack.

"It's all right, Uncle John."

"Whist! Be aisy, will ye? Sure, yer'll spoil everything. Away wid ye, an' moind ye, don't give it all away."

"Whoop!" exclaimed Tom, rushing away.

Jack watched him until he left the grounds, and then returned to his work, not feeling exactly right over the business, and evidently fearful that Tom would make a mess of it. Excitement by this time ran high in Portland, for the news had got about, and the morning papers published the matter with comments, and also stated that young George Prescott was to sail at once in his fine steam yacht Yankee Land, in the hope of discovering the unknown island and rescuing the unfortunate mariners. Finally the time came for sailing, and a large crowd of people gathered on the wharf to see the humane expedition set out. Everybody was on board, including Clara Blaine, Miss Yumper, and "Maggie" O'Shanter, attending industriously to business, and evidently anxious to make a good impression at first.

While everything was being got in readiness for sailing, George Prescott entertained several distinguished citizens in his private cabin, among whom was an old bachelor, a German scientist, by the name of Hans Scatterbiter, who took a great interest in the expedition, and only regretted that he could not accompany it. But he also took a great interest in the brandy with which the table was well stocked, and the result was the old fellow got knocked out an hour before the yacht was ready to sail, and without being observed, he stole into a bunk in one of

the staterooms, and there went calmly and peacefully to sleep. But at length, everything was in readiness, and Prescott parted with his friends at the gangway, after which he gave the signal to Captain Walton, and in a few minutes the beautiful Yankee Land glided gracefully from her wharf, amid the loud acclaims and good wishes of those on shore, and headed proudly out of the harbor, bound on her errand of mercy.

CHAPTER V.—On Board the Yankee Land.

We parted company with the beautiful steam yacht Yankee Land, as she was steaming out of the harbor of Portland, Maine, bound to the North Pacific Ocean in search of Captain Blaine and his son, who had been cruelly abandoned on a desolate island away up in northern latitudes where there is a dreadful night of three months, and where scarce anything can live on account of the dreadful cold. The party on board will also be remembered, consisting as it did of George Prescott, owner of the Yankee Land, Clara Blaine, daughter of Captain Blaine, of whom they were in search, Miss Huldah Yumper, aunt of Prescott, and accompanying the expedition as friend and companion of Clara; and "Maggie" O'Shanter, her maid. We shall presently have another to introduce.

The yacht steamed away down the harbor, past and between Bangs Island and Peaks Island, past the Portland Light and out into the Atlantic Ocean, when Captain Walton turned her prow to the northward, headed for Newfoundland, the first place they were to stop at, even if it should be found necessary or thought best to stop at all. A more magnificent craft than the Yankee Land can scarcely be conceived of. She was one hundred and fifteen feet in length, fifteen feet beam, and twelve feet six inches depth of hold, built in the stanchest and yet most elegant manner, and provided with double acting and very powerful compound engines.

She was, in fact, built to accommodate herself to almost any climate and any water—whether rough or smooth, and at the same time she was fitted up in the most elegant and comfortable manner that talent could devise or money procure. In short, she was little less than a floating place, and her owner was as proud of her as it was possible for a man to be. The feelings of Clara Blaine may easily be imagined; but almost the keenest regret of her life was that she had slighted such a noble man as she now knew George Prescott to be. And she gladly would have gone to him and apologized for her rudeness had it not been for Miss Yumper.

"Don't think of such a thing, my dear. Never show such weakness to a man. Be right up on your dignity, my dear, if you wish to win his respect; and, besides, if you go to him in such a way, it may flurry him, for these men are dreadfully flurrysomes, and on that account the expedition might miscarry; but, above all things, don't let him—don't let any man think for a moment that you are sorry for anything you have done," said she, earnestly.

"But perhaps he thinks I was rude and that I

am not sufficiently grateful for what he is doing for me," protested Clara.

"Nonsense, my dear. George is very much like me—very practical, and but little given to the nonsense of sentiment. He possibly forgot himself once, and offered to marry you, but you had the good sense to refuse him, and by this time he has most likely forgotten all about it and become cured of his weakness."

"Do you think so?" she asked, eagerly.

"Most undoubtedly. Men forget these things so easily."

"Do they?" asked Clara, wonderingly.

"Be assured they do. They make desperate love to us poor girls, but the moment we assert ourselves and tell them to go about their business—what do you think they make their business directly?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Why, they go right off and make love to some other girl."

"Is that so?" she asked, and her cheeks grew pale as she spoke, although her companion did not notice it, so earnest was she.

"To be sure it is. Never put your faith in a man."

"Were you ever deceived, Miss Yumper?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"Me? Never! I will not listen to their nonsense; but I have observed them well."

"Do you think Mr. Prescott is that way?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"I know he is. My dear, they are all alike. Some have nicer ways of showing it than others have, but there is really no difference in them, and it is especially the case where a man has been rebuffed once. No—no, Clara, be assured that he is doing this simply for public applause and for the friendship he bears your father. So, my dear, don't mar the arrangement by any expression of sentiment, but just put yourself under my instructions."

"I—I will try to do so," answered she, falteringly.

"Of course you will. I know my nephew, and although he is vastly better than the majority, he is, nevertheless, a man. Where is that girl Maggie, I wonder? Do you feel the motion of the yacht, Clara?"

"Yes; but I rather like it."

"Very well, then, we shall have no disagreeable countretemps on board, for you know, my dear, it is dreadfully disagreeable to have any person on board who gets seasick."

"I suppose you are quite used to the water?"

"Oh, yes. I often accompany George on his cruises, although I have never been so far north as he proposes to go this time. Maggie, where are you?" she called.

"Oh, I do hope we shall find father and poor brother," sighed the beautiful girl.

"Ah, be assured we shall, for George Prescott never undertakes a thing that he does not carry out."

"I am glad of that," said she, and at heart she was glad for two reasons, one of which she was ready to express aloud—that he would find her father—and the other which she hid away in her heart.

"Maggie—Maggie O'Shanter! Where are you?"

"I think I like that girl much. We will keep her to do the menial work, but so far as we are personally concerned, we will attend to our own wants."

"I am amply able to do that, Miss Yumper, and to lend you much assistance besides," said Clara.

"Good! In that way we shall get along all right. But do you know, Clara, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she was at this moment seasick?"

"Perhaps so."

"And there she told me that she was used to ocean travel, the deceitful thing. The idea of her getting seasick with only this experience! But it is just a little rough, isn't it?" she added, taking a seat near the starboard rail, and beginning to look just a trifle white around the mouth. "Where is that girl?"

"I will go and find her," said Clara, turning away, fully understanding that Miss Yumper herself was getting a dose of seasickness. In a moment up came "Maggie" O'Shanter, fresh as a daisy, for it will be remembered that he had almost always been a sailor. He approached Miss Yumper, who by this time had become rapidly worse, and looked as though she had something decidedly serious both on her mind and stomach. Tom saw the point instantly.

"Are ye there, Miss Yumper!" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, faintly, "and where are you? Why do you desert me?"

"Sure, ma'am, I'm here an' I wudn't desert ye for the wurruld, ma'am."

"I—I'm not feeling well," she sighed.

"Truth, then yer belyin' yer looks, so ye are, for I never saw yer lookin' betther," replied Tom, who had kissed the Blarney stone early in life.

"I—I'm seasick, I guess. Do you ever get seasick?"

"Divil a wanst in me loife, ma'am."

"Maggie, don't use such language, don't—I guess I shall—ohup!" and she gave emphatic evidence of a coming eruption.

"Ho, ma'am, yer afther throwin' up. Turn yer cutwather ter ther leeward, an' let her go. Sure, it'll make ye fale betther, so it will," he added, as she turned a reproachful look upon him.

But her powers of argument and resentment were gone. Much as she abhorred swearing generally, there can be no doubt but that she would have enjoyed the conversation of a pirate just then, or the genial controversy of a pair of truckmen, the wheels of whose respective carts had become interlocked.

"Maggie" O'Shanter was very attentive to her, and after holding her head as she leaned over the rail, until she had made several exclamations of a guttural nature which sounded like "New York," the old gal felt relieved, although by no means well. But after having paid this tribute to Neptune, he led her slowly down the cabin stairs and into her stateroom, where she tumbled all of a heap upon her bunk and groaned as though in the throes of death. Tom knew his business in this respect, and going at once to the steward's quarters, he obtained a glass of

brandy and gave her a good dose of it. Night closed in about them, cool and delightful, with the coast of Maine fast fading away in the hazy west.

Everything on board was just as it should be, and Miss Yumper was the only unhappy person on the yacht. But she was now sleeping peacefully, and probably the most of her trouble was forgotten. As for George Prescott, he did not feel the least uneasy about his aunt, for she had always been seasick for the first few hours after sailing with him, and he also knew that she was in good hands. So he spent the greater portion of his time with Captain Walton, examining the charts of the waters they were to search in quest of the unknown island, as described in the note from Captain Blaine, which had been so strangely found. But this was no easy task, for the charts of the waters above latitude 70 are very imperfect, and only a few of the principal islands are put down. So after spending nearly the whole night over them, it was decided best to sail directly to Spitzbergen, when possibly more information might be obtained of the whalers who frequently make port there.

The next morning broke breezy and beautiful, with the Yankee Land off Halifax, Nova Scotia, and steaming along at a splendid rate of speed. Miss Huldah Yumper came out all right, although looking somewhat paler than usual; and at the breakfast table she was congratulated by George Prescott, as was Clara, for the firm way in which she had held her own thus far. Captain Walton and first mate Crocker also breakfasted with Prescott and his friends, and a lively, intelligent party it was, all five of them being educated and refined.

"Captain, we have made splendid time," said Prescott, after the meal had begun.

"Yes; the Yankee Land don't follow many sterns found floating about in these waters," replied Captain Walton, who was quite as proud of the beautiful yacht as her owner was.

"She is a darling, and I don't think men should be blamed for loving such things of beauty," replied Prescott, fervently.

"Why, George, how you talk! The idea of a person's loving a steam yacht or any other such inanimate thing," said Miss Yumper.

"Well, it may not seem rational to some people, Aunt Huldah, seeing that the love is all on one side; but that, you know, is the case in many instances in life," said he, at which Clara Blaine's eyes sought her plate.

"Well I suppose it's really the safest love a man can indulge in, and perhaps the best, for then no one will be injured or unhappy over it. Where do you propose to stop first, Captain Walton?"

"At Cape Farewell, there to take on board coal enough to make up for what we shall have burned up to that point, and to see if we can obtain any further tidings of Captain Blaine; and if not, we shall then sail for Iceland, and thence to Spitzbergen."

"What a dreadfully long voyage!"

"True; but we shall try to make it as pleasant and comfortable as possible," replied Prescott.

"Of course you will. You are a prince of entertainers, George," said his aunt, and Clara

thought she could add several other compliments to that one.

"Thank you, Aunt Huldah," said he, bowing.

"And I guess some of the people of Portland think the same way," added Captain Walton.

"Especially Professor Scatterbiter," said Mate Crocker, laughing, a laugh in which the others joined, for they remembered how very full of enthusiasm and brandy he had got just before the sailing.

"I wonder how he got home?" asked Prescott.

"It was simply shameful," said Miss Yumper.

"But what can you do with a man possessing so many eccentricities?" asked Prescott.

"You should not ask such men to partake of your hospitality. It is dangerous, George," said she, laughing.

"Oh, but the professor is one of our first men of science, you must bear in mind, aunt."

"But I notice that a superabundance of brains is not always a safeguard against foolishness. Ah! what is that?" she added, as there arose a loud commotion on deck.

Prescott and Captain Walton hurriedly left the table and rushed up the cabin stairs.

CHAPTER VI.—A New Character Introduced.

"Stop here! Stop dot boat!" were the exclamations they heard as they came on deck.

And the sight they saw was Professor Scatterbiter rushing wildly back and forth, swinging his arms recklessly around, and looking the picture of misery. Was it a ghost? Where did he come from? Prescott and Walton stood for a moment, rapt in astonishment. The officer on the deck was vainly trying to keep him quiet, but when he saw the captain, he turned to him appealingly.

"Why, it's Professor Scatterbiter," said Prescott, turning to his captain.

"It surely is; but how came he on board?"

"Heaven only knows. Hallo, professor! How came you on board?" he asked, approaching him.

"Stop dot boat, I tole you!" he exclaimed, without noticing anybody in particular. "I vants me to go ashore. Stop her!" he cried.

"But how did you happen to remain on board?"

"I know noddings about dot. I——"

"But don't you know me?"

"Yes. You is Herr Perscott, owner of dis steamboat, and I vants me to gid ashore," said he, savagely.

"Where have you been all the while?"

"I hafe been fooled all der vile, dot's vot der madder is mit me. Stop dot boat!" he yelled, running around like a madman. "Vere is dot enchineer! I knock him some plack and plue eye oud!" and he rushed down into the cabin, probably thinking that he would find the engineer there.

But on rushing into the cabin where the ladies sat at table yet, he created a sensation of the first-class. Miss Yumper believed him to be a ghost, and she screamed like a locomotive and flopped over in her chair, while Clara Blaine leaped to her feet and prepared to make her escape. "Maggie" O'Shanter was there on

time. "She" went for that wild professor and gave him a biff under the ear that sent him sprawling on the cabin floor. Then Miss Yumper screamed some more and kicked the table legs. Prescott and his captain followed closely after the uncontrollable professor. They saw him go "to grass" and heard "Maggie's" whoop of victory mingled with Miss Yumper's screech of anguish.

"Niver moind, ma'am, I'm wid ye!" shouted O'Shanter, dancing over the prostrate form of that poor, knocked-out and knocked-down professor.

"Stop that!" demanded Prescott, as he reached the cabin and saw how matters stood. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked of O'Shanter.

"Sure, sur, but I don't know."

"You don't know!"

"I only know that he made me mistress squalor an' so I knocked him down," said O'Shanter.

"Wretch! you are more male than female. I'd almost swear to it," said he, as he proceeded to assist the professor to his feet.

"Begorra, but he nearly had me that toime!" mused the "maid."

"Vere is dot scoundrel?" demanded the professor, the moment he found himself right side up again.

"Don't mind him, professor. It is all a mistake. Calm yourself, and tell me how it happens that you are on board my yacht. I thought you went ashore before we sailed," said Prescott.

"Stop dot boat!" he cried, leaping up.

"But you have been on board nearly twenty-four hours, and we are now opposite Nova Scotia."

"Ish dot so?" he asked, gazing around.

"It is. How did it happen?"

"I know me noddings about dot. I know dot I take me some cognac, und it go to mine head, und I lay me dot bunk down on. Bimeby pudgy soon I vakes me ub, und here I vas," said he, sadly.

"That accounts for it. The brandy overcame you, and you went to sleep in one of the unoccupied bunks. Well, that is pretty good, professor," said Prescott, laughing heartily at the old man's discomfiture.

"Gott—Gott! Vere vos I now?" he demanded, glaring at him angrily.

"Off Nova Scotia."

"Mine Gott in Himmel!"

"George, put him ashore! He swears in German," said Miss Yumper, raising her hands in horror.

"Oh, but that don't count, Aunt Huldah."

"Don't count! Don't swearing count in any language but English?" she asked.

"Not that we know of. But tell me, professor, what do you propose to do?"

"Stop dot boat und let me go ashore."

"Even then you will be several hundred miles from Portland. Why not make up your mind to go with us and profit by the expedition?"

"Mine Gott! I hafe mine summer clothes on!" said he, surveying himself.

"That does not matter. I have several chests of Arctic clothing on board, and nothing would

please me more than to have you accompany me."

"But mine landlady!"

"We can call at St. Johns, Newfoundland, and you can telegraph her from there."

"Dot vos some pizness dot I don'd understand; it vos so queer," he mused.

"Well, you are your own master. Besides, nothing will be thought of a scientist taking a sudden start anywhere. Sit down and have some breakfast," said he, leading him toward the table.

"Yaw, I dinks me dot I vill go, und I cannot help mineself if I don't," said he, trying to laugh.

"That is all right. Ladies, pray be composed. You both know the professor, and I for one am very glad that fortune has given him to us as a companion for our voyage. His scientific attainments will not only be entertaining but useful."

The ladies bowed, and the professor became aware for the first time of his position.

"How much vos der matter mit me?" he asked, looking from one to another.

"What do you mean?" asked Prescott.

"How about dot?"

"You will accompany us as the official scientist of the expedition."

"Gott in Himmel! Bud dot ish goot!" exclaimed the old man, with pride.

"Oh, professor!" cried Miss Yumper, holding up her hands.

"Vot vas dot?" he asked, in surprise.

"Professor, you swore!"

"Ish dot so?" said he, looking surprised.

"Yes, professor; but please don't do it again, or some bad luck will befall us."

"I shall be careful, Miss Yumper. Mine Gott, I shall! I vill swear no more."

"Please don't, Professor Scatterbiter."

"Dot ish all right. I bade you dot I don't swear any more, by jingo!"

"Please don't, for it strains my nerves, and my poor, sensitive nature."

"I vill strain you no more, Miss Yumper," said he, bowing apologetically.

"Well, you accept the situation, do you?" asked Prescott, after peace had been restored.

"Yaw, dot ish all right," said he.

"Good. You shall have access to my library and scientific apparatus, and I am certain that you will enjoy the expedition very much," and the two men shook hands with much cordiality.

This being arranged, breakfast was finished, and the whole party adjourned to the after-deck, where a beautiful scene met their gaze. They were sailing along the coast of Nova Scotia, whose bright hills and green fields gleamed in the morning sun, while the blue and ever-changing ocean, with its sparkling crests, danced in the light as the noble yacht, with her sharp steel prow shot through and oved it.

In the meantime Tom O'Shanter was busily engaged in Miss Yumper's stateroom shaving himself, hoping—expecting, in fact, that the charming views to be had from the deck of the yacht would keep both his mistress and Miss Blaine away from him.

"Bad luck ter this business anyhow!" he mut-

tered, as he puckered his face and scraped away. "Sure, I have ter shave every day, or me beard will give me away. Troth, it isn't half ther fun I thought it wud be; but anything ter get away from Portland," and he crooned a tune as he worked away at his mug.

But he had finished going over his face once, and had got it well lathered for the second going over, when the door opened and Miss Yumper entered. Tom flew around like a hen with her head off trying to get his razor and lather-brush out of sight, wholly forgetting the coat of lather on his face.

"Why, Maggie, what are you doing?" asked his mistress, looking at him in wonder.

"Sure, ma'am, I war a-washin' me face," said he, greatly confused.

"Washing your face? And pray how do you wash your face, Miss O'Shanter?"

"Wid wather, ma'am."

"But how about that soap-suds on your face?"

"An' soap, ma'am. Sure, it's a way I have av doing it, so it is."

"Well, a very queer way, I should call it."

"Troth, I put this lather on me face ter pre-sarve me complexion, ma'am."

"Your complexion!"

"Yes, ma'am. Ther sea air tans me an' freckles me, so it do, an' sure I thought yer wudn't be afther loiken' av me if I didn't look nice."

"What nonsense, girl! What has your being tanned or freckled, or not tanned or freckled to do with your general efficiency?"

"Sure, but yer wouldn't be proud av me if I didn't look nice."

"Ridiculous! Handsome is that handsome does. Attend to your duties and never mind about your looks so much. I assure you that I shall not feel hurt if you do get freckled."

"Sure, but me own pride, ma'am," said Tom, wiping the lather from his face.

"What nonsense! Never let me hear you speak of such a thing again. The idea! I am shocked at you, Maggie."

"So be I, ma'am."

"What?"

"But it's only human nater, ma'am."

"Well, don't let me know of your giving vent to your human nature again while you are in my employ, not in that direction, at all events."

"No, ma'am."

"Find my thick woolen shawl out of that trunk," said she, indicating it.

"Yes, ma'am," and he went for it, glad of any opportunity to change the subject.

"Don't muss things up in that way. Why, I should think you had never handled ladies' clothing before in your life," said she, as he commenced to tumble the trunk full of articles about.

"Sure, ma'am, it's many a toime I've handled such things," replied Tom.

"Well, it must have been a strange woman that allowed you to handle her clothing in that way."

"She war a nice woman, ma'am."

"But not very particular, I guess."

"Troth, if she hadn't have been, she'd niver had the loikes av me," replied Tom.

"There, that is the one I want. Hand it to me and then put those things back again nicely,"

said she, throwing the shawl over her shoulders and going from the room.

"Whew! Begorra, but that was a narrow escape!" he muttered, after being left alone again, and then taking the precaution to fasten the door, he once more resumed his shaving.

Meanwhile the Yankee Land was forging ahead at the rate of nearly fifteen miles per hour, and by noon the peninsula of Nova Scotia was left far astern, and she was now plunging her graceful bows into the choppy waters of the great mouth of the St. Lawrence. Up to this time the weather had been delightful, but as evening drew on, Captain Walton noticed that the barometer was falling rapidly, and in anticipation of a cyclone, everything was put into ship-shape and made tight and fast for the encounter.

CHAPTER VII.—The Terror of a Northern Cyclone.

Captain Walton was an expert navigator, but no man in the world could judge of the direction that the wind would blow from the cyclone that was surely hiding in some quarter. So he put the prow of the Yankee Land to the northeast for the purpose of getting as far out to sea as possible before the dreaded storm should break upon her. There was a haziness of sky, a heaviness of atmosphere which would surely have attracted the attention of a mariner, although the others on board never suspected that the terror of a northern blast might fall upon them at any moment. Everything was peace and happiness on board, if we except, perhaps, Clara Blaine, who could, of course, only think of her poor father and brother abandoned on some desolate island which they had yet to find; no thought of danger disturbed any of them.

But at about four o'clock, while Professor Scatterbiter, the Gervan savant, was holding a little scientific levee in the cabin saloon, a tremendous roar suddenly succeeded the ominous calm, and the brave yacht shook from stem to stern like a leaf in the wind.

"Mine Gott in Himmel! vot was dot?" exclaimed the professor, starting at the shock.

Without a word George Prescott rushed upon deck, closely followed by the professor.

"What is it, captain?" he asked.

"A great blow, I guess. I have been watching and preparing for it for the past hour, during which we have run well out to sea, and everything is made right and tight for whatever comes," replied the captain.

"Thanks. I might have expected that of you, Captain Walton. Have you any fears?"

"None. The wind is coming from the northwest, which will drive us out into plenty of sea room, and although we may get a lively shaking up while it lasts, I think we are in no great danger."

"Very well. Stand by the wheel yourself, and call on me if you need more help."

"Ay—ay, sir! You see every sail is closely furled, and if nothing happens to the screw, we may get out of it all right."

"Ah, it is coming with the force of a cyclone."

"Which it most assuredly is. You had better go below, professor," said the captain.

"I shall take me some observations of id," the professor replied; but just as he spoke a mountain of water struck the yacht, knocking her suddenly away to leeward as though she had been a cork, and sending the old fellow down against the rail all in a heap.

It did him little serious damage, however, but when Prescott assisted him to his knees (for he dare not trust the full length of his sea legs again), he had a bloody nose and a decidedly frightened look.

"Gott in Himmel! dot makes me sick," he moaned, and then he gulped down about a pint of salt water from a wave which broke over the yacht before she could right herself.

"I guess you have taken all the observations you want just now, eh, professor?" suggested Prescott.

"Oh, mine Chimminy! let us go pelow und look after der ladies," he replied, mournfully; and being assisted, with much difficulty he crawled on his hands and knees until he reached the companionway, and tumbled headlong down from top to bottom, frightening the ladies even more than the cyclone was frightening them.

George Prescott followed with considerable difficulty, although in a slightly more graceful way, but he found the ladies in almost a panic, which he did his best to quiet.

"There is no danger," said he, assuringly.

"But, George, we were completely tipped over. In fact, I think I stood on my head for a moment," said Miss Yumper, clinging to the stanchion.

"Were you harmed, Miss Blaine?" he asked.

"Not at all; but it was dreadful, Mr. Prescott," she said, trying to smile and seem at ease.

"Yes, it was, indeed. Were you harmed, Aunt Huldah?" he asked.

"Oh, George, don't ask me! I am so shaken about that I don't think I shall survive it. Do cast anchor, George!" said she.

"That is impossible, aunt; but, after all, I think there is no danger beyond a shaking up."

"George——"

"Well, Aunt Huldah?"

"I fear I'm going to be sick."

"Blease don'd!" moaned Professor Scatterbiter, seizing a stanchion and pulling himself slowly up to a standing position by it. "Don't, of you blease, Miss Yumper," he added.

"I—I can't help it. Hark!"

Another tremendous wave at this moment struck the yacht, and she seemed to be going down—down!

"Save us—save us!" cried Miss Yumper.

"Pray be calm, aunty. We are well out at sea and no harm can come to us."

"Oh, cast anchor, George!" she moaned.

"Impossible, aunty. We are now where the water is at least two miles deep, and our anchor chains will not reach," said he, smiling.

"Run her ashore!" cried the professor.

"We are at least one hundred miles from any shore, professor, and it will take quite a while to reach land. Probably the storm will all be over before we shall be able to do so."

"Mine Gott in Himmel! but dis is rough!" he cried, clinging for dear life.

"And, oh, so awfully unsteady!" put in Miss Yumper. "I feel it!"

"What?"

"I'm going to be sick!"

"Don'd do id!"

"I can't help it!"

"Wah!"

And the professor made a wild rush for a closet basin, banging his head three or four times before he reached it, and there—right there, he lost his breakfast after which he settled into a corner and wanted to die. This set Miss Yumper going, and she called wildly for her serving-maid, "Maggie" O'Shanter, who up to this time had been forward below, doing some work that she had set her at. "Maggie" rushed to see what the trouble was, although fully comprehending it.

"Maggie, sustain me!" she gasped.

"Wid what—brandy?" he asked.

"Oh, I know I shall die!"

"I hope you do not feel any ill effects of the storm, Miss Blaine," said Prescott.

"Nothing very servious, although I have never before experienced anything so rough as this," said she.

"And anything so rough seldom overtakes us. But I must go on deck and assist Captain Walton," said he, turning to the companionway stairs.

"Pray, don't——"

"I beg pardon," he said, as he hesitated.

"Don't expose yourself unnecessarily, Mr. Prescott."

"I shall not do so, although, at the same time, I shall not shrink from danger," said he, bowing and leaving the cabin.

"Oh—oh—oh!" moaned Miss Yumper, but the professor seemed to have fallen into a peaceful slap as he lay there doubled up.

Clara was standing it worthy of the daughter of a great navigator. Meantime, on deck there was a scene no pen can describe. The sailors were all lashing themselves to the masts, stanchions, or shrouds, for every few moments the waves broke over the deck of the yacht with such terrible fury that nothing well secured could resist them. Captain Walton was lashed to the wheel, and when George Prescott went on deck he saw that he needed assistance, and at once lashed himself to it, and lent him all the help in his power. The cyclone lasted for fully an hour and a half, during which time the yacht behaved nobly, although pitched about dreadfully, and as she was placed before the wind she was driven at least one hundred and fifty miles out to sea to the eastward. Then, when the storm subsided, or they had been driven out of its path, the sea gradually became calm, and once more the Yankee Land rested on an even keel, and those on board began to renew themselves again.

But it was fully an hour afterwards before Professor Scatterbiter aroused sufficiently to crawl out of his recumbent position in the corner of the closet, and even then he thought better of crawling into his bunk than he did of going on deck to make any further "observa-

tions." As for Miss Yumper, she seemed to grow worse and worse, and insisted upon dying and being buried in the cold bosom of the ocean. Life had for her then no temptations, no charms, and not until "Maggie" filled her up with brandy, and sleep overtook her, did she cease from wishing that the sea might sweep over her dead body. But as soon as the storm had subsided, and the way again seemed clear, Captain Walton and George Prescott, the owner of the yacht, came together for a regular consultation.

"Where are we now?"

"As near as I can make out, we are in latitude 55, longitude 30."

"That would bring us nearer Iceland than any other port?"

"You are right. The cyclone has changed our whole course," said Captain Walton.

"So be it. We will make a straight run for Iceland. Possibly there we may find some clue."

"At all events it is just as good as though we stopped at Cape Farewell, Greenland."

"I think so; and, do you know, I have been thinking the matter over, and I believe that there is a possibility of Captain Blaine's being on the great island of Iceland. He may have been shipwrecked in a storm, not knowing where he was, and I think the best thing we can do is to land there and seek for information."

"I agree with you. How is she headed?"

"Directly for it."

"Good. Now that the storm is over, give her all she can do."

"Ay—ay, sir."

"Make Iceland as soon as possible."

"I will do so, sir."

"You are acquainted with it?"

"Certainly, as you are."

"Good! It is barely possible that we may get some tidings of the wreck of the Columbus there, if we cannot hear anything of the fate of her captain."

The staunch little Yankee Land came out of the storm in fine shape, and from that time on the yacht made good progress. Very little ice had been encountered so far, and they soon reached Reyhiavik, the capital of Iceland. Here they took on a supply of coal. They heard from some natives of a party who had been shipwrecked, but were now some miles in the interior, and Prescott secured a guide named Tutu, and taking along the professor and three sailors, they set out for the interior on horses. After proceeding about 25 miles a severe earthquake occurred, which tumbled things around severely. As they were in a valley surrounded by mountains the rocks became loosened and several narrow escapes occurred. A more severe shake-up occurred some time later in which the horses became frightened and bolted, unseating the riders and, rushed over a precipice, carrying one of the sailors with them. They were compelled to foot it the rest of the way, only to find out when they reached their destination that the shipwrecked sailors had departed, no one knew where. Therefore nothing was to be done but to return again as soon as horses were procured. In time they reached the yacht. Their guide now heard that a party of seamen were in the town who had been shipwrecked, and he set out to find them. In a house

near the docks he found the party, and by clever work overheard a conversation in which he learned they were hatching up a scheme to get possession of the Yankee Land. After he had heard all the particulars he went on board the yacht and told all to Prescott.

CHAPTER VIII.—Piloted By A Villain.

George Prescott was thoroughly astonished when Tutu informed him of what he had overheard, but he could not believe that they would make a serious attempt at the capture of the Yankee Land in the face of such odds. One thing, however, he did feel certain of, that he had at length come upon some of the mutineers, and that they undoubtedly knew where Captain Blaine was, and it was of the utmost importance that they should in some manner be made to reveal what they knew. This, of course, he felt would be a hard thing to do, for it would be criminating themselves, and make themselves liable to death as the penalty for their wickedness. How, then, should he accomplish his purpose? After dreaming over it all night and consulting with Captain Walton Walton, he resolved on seeing the leader, Hank Walker, and find out if some arrangement could not be made whereby Captain Blaine might be recovered, even if he had to agree not to report the case to the United States authorities.

Being guided by Tutu, who had assumed his hunter's garb, he sought the tavern where Hank was pointed out to him. Prescott approached without the slightest hesitation, and taking a stool, sat down on the opposite side of the table. Walker looked up, and instantly recognized him as the owner and turned pale.

"Your name is Hank Walker, if I mistake not, and you were at one time first mate of the exploring ship Columbus, Captain Blaine," said Prescott, calmly.

"It is a lie!" Walker growled, with an oath.

"I have got proof of it."

"You have nothing of the kind."

"Your own admission."

"That is another lie!" replied Walker, while his men skulked away.

"Don't get too excited for business," said Prescott, calmly covering him with a navy revolver. "Be reasonable."

The rascal cowered in an instant, knowing that some spy had heard all that had occurred.

"What do you want?" he finally asked again, taking a seat at the table.

"I want to know where Captain Blaine is."

"Hang Captain Blaine! What do I know about him?" he asked, glancing at the door, hoping, most likely, that his companions would come to his rescue.

But Tutu was watching that door, with his hand on the trigger of the rifle.

"Come, now, let us be reasonable. If you will pilot me to the island where you left him, I will bring you back to this place and not betray you into the hands of the authorities; and, besides that, I will give you five thousand dollars in cash."

Walker was on the point of replying again

with another outburst of profanity, when a happy thought happened to strike him.

"What do you say?"

"Say! Why, I say that you have made a mistake in me."

"How?"

"I am not Hank Walker, neither was I ever connected with the Columbus."

Prescott looked at him searchingly.

"But I have heard about this Captain Blaine."

"Oh, you have?"

"An explorer, wasn't he?"

Prescott bowed.

"Wrecked, wasn't he?"

Again Prescott bowed without speaking.

"Left on an island up north here somewhere?"

"I believe so."

"What makes you believe so?" asked Walker, savagely.

"I not only believe it but know it!"

"Know it! How?"

"Not long since I was cruising not far from this latitude, when I picked up a boat-load of wrecked whalers, nearly famished, and took them to Portland, Maine. A short time before I rescued them they picked up a bottle floating on the water. On breaking the bottle they found this message," said Prescott, handing it to him. With trembling hands Walker took the paper, which he instantly recognized as a leaf from the memorandum book of Captain Blaine, and read as follows:

"Island somewhere near Spitzbergen, about latitude 70 deg., longitude 30 or 40 deg., October 5. 1865. The exploring ship Columbus wrecked and crew mutinied. Captain Blaine and son abandoned by them and left to perish. Come to the rescue!
CAPTAIN BLAINE."

"Do you recognize the handwriting?"

"No; but I know where your Captain Blaine is, all the same."

"You do?"

"Yes; and if you will give me five thousand dollars, return me to this place, and never betray me to the authorities here or elsewhere—"

"I will do it," said Prescott, eagerly.

"Do what? Don't be quite so eager, or I will suspect your honesty. Mind you, I am not the person you accuse me of being, but it might bother me a long time to prove that I was not, if you should accuse me."

"I understand."

"And I wish you to believe it as well. Now, I happened to fall in with one of the crew of that Columbus, and he told me about it. Now you understand why I am in a position to pilot you. I don't know the latitude or longitude, but I can find it easily enough."

"And will you do so?"

"Yes, on those conditions."

"I agree to them, and I give you my word as a gentleman that they shall be fulfilled if you fulfill your portion of the agreement."

"Well, can't I take a few of my friends along?" he asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"No, sir," replied Prescott, firmly, for he knew all the while that he was dealing with a rascal.

And he also knew of the conspiracy, and of

course intended to thwart it. Walker also knew, the instant Prescott refused him, that the spy had overheard that part of the business also, and did not press the point.

"Very well. Perhaps you will be willing to take them when we return here."

"Perhaps. When will you be ready to start?"

"To-morrow morning."

"All right," and he walked from the place.

Tutu lingered behind a few yards, and then turned suddenly when near the door, and fixed his fierce eyes on Walker; but without speaking he presently strode from the door.

"Ten thousand curses on that greaser! I half believe that he was the spy who was here yesterday. If I thought it was, I——" and he started savagely toward the door.

But just before he reached it it was opened and several of his crew came in.

"What is it?" they all asked, eagerly.

"Devilish bad luck, and a devilish narrow escape for all of us. What do you think? Old Blaine got hold of a bottle in some way or other—most likely it floated ashore from the wreck—and he inclosed a message in it, which was picked up and gives the whole thing away."

"The whole thing?"

"With the exception of the locality of the island where we left him. This Prescott got hold of it and started to find him, calling here to see if he could get any information. Suspecting that some of us knew something about it, he employed a spy, and who should it be but that man who we thought asleep at the table over there yesterday!"

An oath escaped every man of them.

"Well, he probably overheard what we said about capturing the yacht, and I'll tell you why I think so. He pinned me down very close, but I denied that my name was Hank Walker, or that I or any of us were ever on the Columbus. But he insisted on it, and finally offered me five thousand dollars cash to pilot him to where Blaine was. Now listen—I thought if I could get him to let us all go on board that we could pilot them in any direction but the right one, and manage to get control of the yacht, as I spoke of yesterday. But he refused so sternly that it convinced me this cursed spy told him of our intentions."

"Well, what did you do?"

"What could I do when he refused? But I agreed to go, all the same."

"But what is to become of us?"

"I will tell you. I have agreed to be ready in the morning, and they will probably sail soon after daylight. Now, this evening you must steal that sealing boat. She is all provisioned, and you can easily overpower the two greasers who are on board and take them along with you. Bob Jones, you shall be captain."

"All right, sir."

"Stand right away north and make the island of Hinhio as quickly as possible. I will direct them to the same island, making believe that Blaine is there. Watch closely, and I will manage so that you shall be taken on board as shipwrecked sailors—understand?"

"Yes—yes," they all replied, eagerly.

"Follow my instructions, and we will have pos-

session of the Yankee Land inside of a week, and Captain Blaine will be as far from rescue as ever he was. Be quick and resolute. There is no danger except in delay."

CHAPTER IX.—The Abandoned Ones.

Let us return to Captain Blaine and his son, for it has been a long time since we have seen them, owing to the course of events surrounding the story. But we turn to a sad picture. At this time they were in the midst of the long, dark, winter night, which exists for months in the polar seas. The little provisions which drifted ashore from the wreck of the Columbus had long since been exhausted, or, rather, the larger share of it had been stolen from them by Jack Studley while they were out with the gun in quest of game, they being able to shoot a polar bear, a seal, and sometimes a stray gull, upon which they eked out a miserable existence, while they hoped and prayed, and watched through the darkness for some sign of the coming morning which would renew their hopes of succor. Jack Studley still maintained his sullen conduct, living in an ice cave a quarter of a mile or so from Blaine's and still swearing to murder both Blaine and his son at the first favorable opportunity. In fact, he had to be watched continually, and was only waiting in the hope of Blaine's ammunition giving out, as it surely would do before long, for he dreaded that shot-gun more than anything else. As before stated, he lived almost entirely upon which he could steal from his companions in misery. In truth, he would have stolen from them even had he been well supplied with food, for if ever there was a black-hearted wretch it was this same Jack Studley. Captain Blaine had fashioned a habitation out of an ice cave, and with the assistance of the skins of the game he killed he managed to keep partially comfortable, although dependent almost entirely upon driftwood with which to keep even the smallest amount of fire burning.

But at best their situation was a terrible one. Think of a barren island, where absolutely nothing grows, and where the thermometer even in midsummer seldom rises above the freezing point, and where, at this season of the year, it is never higher than forty degrees below zero. Then, in addition to this, think of the bitter, blinding snow-storms which exist continually almost, being driven before those cold, high winds, and then, as the somber crowning of all, think of a night of four months' duration! Three of those dreadful months had gone, and yet another remained before the sun would once more rise above the southern horizon to gladden the polar world.

Owing to a long-continued storm Captain Blaine had been unable to shoot any game or gather any driftwood, and consequently both food and fuel were nearly exhausted. But to make matters worse, young James, the captain's son, had for a long time been sick and sometimes delirious on account of the mental and bodily sufferings which he had endured, and which produced the utmost anguish in that brave father's heart. He watched and nursed him carefully

and tenderly, but there was no medicine to allay his fever, and even the last drop of brandy which had been saved from the wreck had been stolen from them a short time before by Jack Studley. Captain Blaine covered his son with great tenderness, and then built a fire in one corner of the cave with a few sticks of wood, the last they had. Just then the boy moved uneasily, and the anxious parent paused and waited to see if he would awaken. But with a sigh he again slept. The firelight revealed his flushed and fevered face as his father had not seen it yet, for this was the first fire they had had for at least a week during which the fever had made terrible inroads upon him.

"Oh, God, he is very sick, but do not let him die in my absence, and guide me to something that may benefit him."

Watching him for a moment, and listening to his quick breathing, he finally knelt and kissed his hot lips, and then hurried away, where, he knew not, but with desperation enough in his heart to accomplish almost anything. Slowly he made his way through the darkness in a direction he had not taken before.

In the meantime Jack Studley, perceiving Captain Blaine leaving the hut, resolved to wreak his vengeance upon the son. Going to the hut hatchet in hand, he found the boy in a high fever. Seizing him by the hair he was about to bury the hatchet in his head when the boy began reciting the Lord's Prayer. Jack was so struck by this that the hatchet fell from his hands and soon the sailor was repeating the prayer with the boy. Jack was a changed man and went to his own cave, secured a bottle of brandy he had and went back to the boy and was giving him a drink of it when the captain appeared on the scene. Explanations followed and Jack was now a sworn friend of the captain and his son, and they resolved to share their sufferings together. Jack's repentance was substantial.

As arranged, the scoundrel Hank Walker came on board the Yankee Land as pilot the next morning and the vessel steamed away for the supposed place where Captain Blaine had been left. When they reached there Walker refused to go ashore, and suspecting something was up, he was seized, placed in irons and taken to the hold. Prescott went ashore, and in a short time the sealing boat with the rest of the villainous crew appeared in front of the yacht and clambered aboard only to be met with a dozen revolver pointed at them in the hands of as many men. They were also made prisoners and sent to keep company with Walker. After a while Prescott returned from his fruitless errand and was made acquainted with the state of affairs, which appeared to be quite satisfactory to him.

We neglected to say that they had picked up three sealers from a dory on their way north, and now a funny incident occurred. It turned out that the youngest of them proved to be Tom O'Shanter's wife in male attire. It was just now that she discovered Tom was masquerading in female attire as maid. Great was Tom's surprise when he found it out, but they did the only thing possible and that was to change contumes and Tom's wife took his part as Maggie, the maid.

But how was it with the Blaines and Studley? Matters remained much the same with them. No sail had appeared. The sun had appeared, however and the ice began to break up. They settled upon an adventure, which was this: They succeeded in getting upon a large iceberg which was drifting south, and made their stay upon it. It was taking them toward home, at any rate.

CHAPTER X.—Searching Among the Icebergs.

Return we to the steam yacht Yankee Land. How little the ordinary voyager knows of what a journey is to the extreme north! The searching party, after numerous struggles and narrow escapes, at length reached latitude 70 and longitude 20 north, which took them to the northward of Norway, the most northern outpost of civilization. They stopped at Christiana to take in a supply of coal, and, if possible, to gain some information regarding islands lying further to the north and east, many of which are not put down on the charts, but of which the hardy Norwegian seal and walrus hunters most likely knew something.

The authorities received them with the greatest courtesy, and rendered them all the assistance in their power in tracking Captain Blaine, who had remained in and around Norway for two or three months the season before, leaving there and sailing in a northeasterly direction, with the avowed intention of finding and locating the many islands which the fishermen had told them of. George Prescott and Captain Walton applied themselves with the greatest earnestness to interviewing these fishermen, several of whom had conversed with the bold navigator before he set out on his lost voyage of discovery in the interest of science and navigation. The result was exceedingly gratifying to them, for, taking the date of Captain Blaine's dispatch, which had been picked up in a bottle, October 5, 1865, and comparing it with the date they received from the fishermen, they were enabled to form a very good estimate of how far he could have sailed in a northeasterly direction at that season of the year before the Columbus struck upon a hidden rock and went to pieces.

Thus advised they set sail again, calculating that they were going over almost the same route that Blaine went over. In fact, it seemed as though they were surely on his track, and that nothing but some unforeseen accident would prevent their finding him sooner or later, but probably before the short summer was over with. Find how—dead or alive? But the way was full of dangers. Indeed, it was more so at this season of the year than it would have been in midwinter, for now they were obliged to keep a double watch for icebergs and to steam a portion of the time at half speed, whereas in winter these huge dangers were locked and frozen to their native shores, and although having to depend almost entirely upon the Northern Lights, it was really less dangerous navigating.

The prisoners still remained in close confinement in the hold amidships, with a guard so strictly kept that it was impossible for them

to plot or execute any mischief to themselves or others. In truth, they seemed perfectly aware of this fact, and made no effort to escape although they gladly would have done so had there been the slightest peg to hang a hope upon, and they staked everything in a sullen way upon the utter improbability of Prescott's ever finding Captain Blaine alive or even dead. True enough, it was that the confinement was becoming irksome, and nothing but the belief which they all indulged in would have kept them up. And even when they overheard the next day that the yacht had been put upon the probable route taken by the Columbus, they did not lose heart at all, so well grounded was their hope.

As for Professor Scatterbiter, the change in the season made him feel much better, and what time he was not courting Miss Yumper, he was making scientific observations and laying out the plans for a history of the voyage, including his scientific researches and other matters of interest, as well as an account of Captain Blaine's previous discoveries and his probable fatal shipwreck. That book was afterwards published, and to it I owe much of the data which I have employed in writing this story. But one of the most interesting studies for the navigator who reaches this extreme northern degree is the action of the magnetic needle, for the electrical currents of the earth which cause it to point nearly north and south appear to make a magnetic pole somewhere in the extreme northeastern portion of Norway, beyond which point it becomes almost useless. In fact, it becomes wholly so a few degrees further north, and often reverses on its axis, so that the navigator is left without any guide whatever but that afforded by the stars.

Even where they now were the compass "dipped," or pointed downwards, so that it nearly stood on end, with the south pole in the air and the north pole pointing nearly to the bottom of the vessel. The phenomenon attracted nearly all of the old scientist's attention, for, although he had read much of the needle's "dip," this was the first time that he had ever witnessed it, or had a chance to experiment in connection with it. In speaking of the yacht's crew, it will be remembered that Tom O'Shanter made the queer discovery, while disguised in female attire, and acting the part of lady's maid to Miss Yumper and Clara Blaine, that one of the rescued whalers was no other than his wife Kate, in the disguise of a sailor, and that they immediately changed costumes, he assuming her rig and pretending to be the rescued sailor, while she assumed her own proper garb and took his place as Miss Yumper's maid.

This arrangement was pleasing to the ladies. They, of course, knew nothing of the facts, for had the truth been known, Miss Yumper would certainly have had a double and twisted fit; but believing that the girl had greatly improved, they never tired of talking about it and complimenting her, all of which was very pleasing to Mrs. O'Shanter, who, of course, kept the secret well, while she and Tom became wholly reconciled and appeared to be far happier than they ever were before this curious separation after a row, and the unnatural assumption of disguises. The arrangement also pleased Tom, who was not over-

much in love with work, even of the easiest kind; for now that he was posturing as a shipwrecked whaler who had been rescued and was being taken back to the United States, he, of course, imagined that he would have nothing to do but rally around the mess-tub and smoke his pipe, a thing he had not been able to do much before while acting the part of ladies' maid.

But on getting into this high latitude, the continual demand for men to stay aloft to keep a lookout for icebergs, and the uncertainty of the compass calling for more help, the three rescued whalers were put to work before the mast in orders to relieve members of the regular crew. And, of course, Tom O'Shanter was obliged to bear a hand with the others, greatly to his disgust; for the work was quite hard, and he wished with all his heart that his wife had not been rescued, for he would much rather have been a widower than have been obliged to work before the mast.

"I say, Kate, I've a moind ter kick," said he to her one day, after his assignment.

"Kick what?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Kick meself, faith—kick agin this havin' to work like the divil. Sure, it's wuss nor before."

"But isn't it betther for you than me?"

"Divil a wanst," he growled.

"Why not?"

"Why not! Sure, I'm afther thinkin' that it wud be betther for anybody ter do the work than me. An' see how aisy yer havin' it!"

"An', sure, aren't I a woman? Now, Tommy, darlint, didn't ye swear that ye loved me?"

"I'm not talkin' that I don't love ye; I'm sayin' that I don't love wurruk, bad luck ter it!"

"But ye can't be sorry that yer darlint little wife gets clear av it in yer place. Och, Tommy, I know yer don't fale that way ter me," said she, looking around to see that they were not observed, and then giving him a kiss.

This pacified him somewhat, and he went sullenly back to his post again. But this scene between them had been observed by the man at the wheel, and as he had himself tried several times to make up to the good-looking maid, he became jealous at once, and resolved to give Tom a good drubbing the next time he got a chance. Nor was this man the only one of the sailors who had taken a fancy to Mrs. O'Shanter, and although Tom held his own in a fight that night in the forecastle, he found himself continually in hot water on account of the intimacy which had been observed several times between him and Miss Yumper's maid. In fact, even the boatswain pretended to be in love with her, and he rather enjoyed seeing Tom picked upon and made unhappy.

"Land, ho!" shouted the lookout in the cross-trees.

"Where away?" demanded Captain Walton, seizing a telescope, as did George Prescott.

"Two points on the weather-beam, sir."

Quickly adjusting their glasses, they looked in the direction indicated, while the professor, Miss Yumper and Miss Blaine gathered around them.

"What do you make it out to be?" asked Prescott.

"Nothing but an iceberg," replied the captain, ordering the helmsman to give it a wide berth.

We left Captain Blaine, his son and Jack Studley drifting on the large iceberg. They had drifted quite a ways south, when one day Jack was seen to be acting queerly. The sailor uttered strange exclamations until finally he seized his hatchet, climbed up as far as he could to the top of the iceberg and shouting, "Here comes the devil to take me to Davy Jones!" flung the hatchet at an imaginary foe, and the implement went into the sea. The captain and his son felt somewhat relieved when this took place.

CAPTAIN XI.—On Board the "Yankee Land."

"Below there!" from the foremost lookout.

"Ay—ay!" came the response from the man at the wheel.

"Will you ask Captain Walton to come aloft here?"

"Ay—ay," and word was passed below, whither he had gone soon after the controversy relating to the iceberg in the preceding chapter.

"What is it, Maynard?" he called, as he came up out of the cabin.

"I wish you would just come up here, sir, with your glass, so as to make sure that mine is working right," replied Maynard.

Without a word Captain Walton seized his telescope, and sprang into the shrouds. Climbing nimbly up the ratlines, he was soon on the cross-tree where the lookout was stationed.

"What is it?"

"That iceberg to port there," he replied, pointing to the same huge mass of ice which had been sighted an hour before, and which they were now slowly going to the larboard of.

"Why, haven't you got through with that yet? What about it, man?"

"Well, sir, since we began to sheer off and give her points, I fancy I can see something black on it, and I thought you would like to take a look at it yourself, sir."

"It is probably a bear or a seal," and he leveled his glass at it.

"Do you see anything, sir?"

"Yes. I see something black, but I can't make it out exactly. I guess, however, that it is only a seal, or possibly a walrus," and Captain Walton closed his glass.

Casting another look around the horizon, he went below, leaving the lookout feeling a trifle foolish. An hour passed on, during which time the lookout took an occasional peep at the iceberg as they were slowly sweeping around it.

"Below there!" from Maynard in the cross-tree.

"Ay—ay!"

"I would like to have Mr. Prescott come up here for a moment."

"All right; I'll be right aloft with you," said Prescott, who was standing on the bridge near the wheel-house.

"Maynard seems to be troubled about that ice-berg," said Captain Walton, as the owner turned away.

"Well, I told him to keep a close lookout, and, being a faithful fellow he would probably think he hadn't done his duty if he did not report everything," replied Prescott, and the next moment he was aloft. "What is it, my man?"

"There is something on that iceberg, sir, and I'd like to see if you can make it out," said Maynard, handing him his telescope.

"Where is it, and what do you think it is?"

"Away up in the top. You can't see it with the naked eye—there is so much sun dazzle. But I have been watching it for sgame time, sir, and I begs your pardon for callin' you up here, but I can't git it out of my head that it's a man up there."

He looked for a full minute without lowering the glass. The sight was not a good one, owing to the peculiar dazzle which surrounds an iceberg when the sun is shining upon it.

"Can you make it out, sir?" asked the old sailor finally.

"Not exactly; but, as you say, it does resemble a human being more than a seal, bear, or walrus, although it is utterly motionless and must have frozen to death," and he raised the glass once more, as the sun went behind a cloud.

"But I think I have seen it move once or twice, sir," suggested the sailor, respectfully.

"That may have been on account of the waver of the light. Yes, I thought I saw it move just then, and yet I cannot make out whether it is man or beast."

"Would it do any harm to put the helm down a few points, and run nearer to it, sir?"

"No, I think not. There can be no harm in doing so, and it shall be done. Captain Walton!" he called.

"Ay—ay, sir!"

"Starboard about two points, and run closer to the iceberg, if you please."

Meanwhile a double watch was stationed forward, and George Prescott kept his glass upon the object that had attracted his attention. There was something strange about the creature on the top of the iceberg, but that it was alive, whether man or beast, there was no longer room to doubt, for after gazing at it for some time he plainly saw it move, and presently disappear on the opposite side. Prescott handed the glass to Maynard, and telling him to keep a sharp lookout, and call him the instant he saw anything remarkable, he started to go below, when he was instantly surrounded.

"What is it?" was on every tongue.

"That I don't know; but if there isn't a man on that iceberg there is something so nearly like one in movements that I think it best to bear closer alongside, and see what it is. Captain, make a circuit, so that we can get a view of the other side."

Every glass on board was now brought to bear upon the huge mountain of floating ice, for although there was little or no probability of there being a human being on it, yet curiosity was aroused to such a degree that nothing short of finding out just what it was would suffice. They had by this time approached so near to it that the task of steaming completely around it was comparatively a trifling one as to time, and while all eyes were directed to ward it, Maynard, from the cross-trees, shouted again:

"Come aloft, Mr. Prescott!" and in a voice that betokened great excitement.

"What is it?" called Prescott, as he sprang into the shrouds.

"Lock, sir—lock! there is a signal flying, and

there are men on the side swinging their hands to us! Yes, yes, men!"

"God prosper my hope!" murmured Prescott, as he caught the glass from his trembling hand.

"Yes—yes, as sure as we are alive there are men on that iceberg!" said Prescott.

"And there is one coming down the side—yes, that is the one we saw first, and he went down out of sight on the other side. They see us!" and taking off his hat he waved it frantically.

"Fire a gun as quickly as possible, and get the quarter-boat ready to lower, with a crew," he called, as he started to go below.

In an instant all was excitement on board, but the crew was a disciplined one, and even before Prescott reached the quarterdeck the cannon set forth its thunders, which echoed sharply against the sides of the iceberg. They had now approached so near that the men upon it could be seen with the naked eye, and the reason that they were not seen before was that the iceberg was turned away from them as they approached it.

"Another boat's crew here. Man the other boat, and take a few fathoms of line along!"

Three persons could now be distinctly seen, and they were giving unmistakable signs of delight. Clara Blaine stood holding upon Miss Yumper. Not a word did she speak, but she was white as chalk, and seemed turned to stone. Meantime the Yankee Land had been slowed down until she was standing nearly stationary, with only about two cable lengths between her and the towering iceberg. Both of the quarterboats were by this time manned and lowered into the water, Prescott in the stern-sheets of the foremost, and Captain Walton in the other. The point where the castaways stood was some ten feet above the water, and although the roar of the breakers prevented them from conversing with them, the rescuers at once set to work. A line was thrown up and easily caught, and made fast around a pinnacle of ice, when Jack Studley made a wild flying leap, and caught it with both hands and landed in the boat.

A wild cheer from the crew announced the successful transit, and then Captain Blaine assisted his son to glide down the rope, after which he followed and was safely received.

"Captain Blaine!" exclaimed Prescott, receiving him with open arms.

"George Prescott!"

The loud, glad shout which followed was heard on board the yacht, and Clara Blaine, comprehending the unsupportable truth, fell, fainting, and was carried into her cabin. Never dipped oars so stoutly and so heartily as did those which rowed that boat back to the yacht; never beat noble hearts higher than theirs did when they found they had rescued the men for whom they had been searching so long. The boats drew alongside, the falls hitched on, and quickly hauled chock-a-block in the davits. A rousing hurrah greeted them, and then a wild season of handshaking followed, during which time questions and answers were freely plied by all. The yacht steamed ahead around the iceberg and then headed south, as Prescott led Captain Blaine and his son down into the cabin.

"I have another surprise for you, sir," and as he spoke the door of Clara Blaine's cabin opened, and, with a glad shout, she flung herself into her father's arms, and then kissed and embraced her brother.

Prescott left them by themselves, and went on deck, feeling that he had no business to be present at such a meeting. Jack Studley was nearly himself again, but whether the effect of his supposed killing of the devil when he threw the axe at him from the top of the iceberg had anything to do with it, I leave it to wiser heads than mine to determine. And what a glad reunion that was in the cabin of the Yankee Land that evening as they gathered there for supper.

It was late at night when they retired, but there was nothing but happiness on board that noble yacht, from stem to stern. It required two or three days, however, for the suffering voyagers to become themselves again, and it is needless to say that there could be no happier or more tender nurse than was Clara Blaine. But after Captain Blaine had fully recovered, he visited the prisoners in the hold. The meeting between them may be imagined, but it cannot be described. The last hope had been knocked out from under the heartless mutineers, and they knew it. But when they heard the loud, glad shouts on deck, they concluded that Blaine had been found, and as a last resort they agreed among themselves to deny all knowledge of him, and swear, to a man, that they had never seen him before.

But when they were confronted by Jack Studley, and freely recognized, as they were freely cursed by him, their case seemed hopeless, indeed. Jack, however, could scarcely be restrained from going among them with a belaying-pin and giving them a portion of their deserts. This, however, he was prevented from doing, being assured that they should be taken back to the United States, where justice of the sternest kind would be dealt out to them—as it afterwards was.

The Yankee Land made a splendid trip back to Portland, Maine, stopping only once to take in a supply of coal. And here the rescuers and rescued received the hearty congratulations of the people everywhere. The papers were full of it, and the conduct of George Prescott commented upon in the highest degree as being something worthy of all praise. Hank Walker and his fellow rascals were taken to prison, and after a trial they were sentenced for from five to twenty years, Walker coming in for the latter time. Indeed, he is even yet an inmate of the State prison at Thomaston.

A year from the date of their return, there was a brilliant wedding at Portland, at which George Prescott and Clara Blaine acted the principal parts, although Professor Scatterbiter and Miss Yumper stood up with them and looked so smiling that one could only conclude that they contemplated something of the same sort.

Next week's issue will contain "AMONG THE GAUCHOS; or, A YANKEE BOY IN SOUTH AMERICA."

CURRENT NEWS

HEIGHT AND LENGTH OF OCEAN WAVES

Among the most trustworthy scientific measurements of ocean waves are those of Lieutenant Durand of the French Navy. The highest waves measured by him were in the Indian Ocean, between the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of St. Paul.

Thirty waves, measured during a northwest gale there, averaged $29\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, and six of them, following one another with beautiful regularity, were $37\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height. Some still higher waves were seen, but not measured. In a moderate breeze the length of a wave was found to be about 25 times its height, but in a gale only 18 times.

WRITES WITH BOTH HANDS

Germany's newest prodigy is 21-year-old Fraulein Thea Alba, who has mastered the art of brain control over muscle more completely than any other person heretofore.

Fraulein Alba sings a German song and writes an English sentence with her left hand and a French sentence with her right at the same time. She writes a sentence in one language backward and another in a different language in regular order, or calculates with one hand and writes dictation backward with the other. She begins a sentence at both ends and completes it in the middle, writing with both hands. One of her most astounding achievements is writing with three pens at the same time, holding two in one hand and writing different words and languages with each.

VANCOUVER LAKE HAS DANCING BEAR

All by himself on a tiny island in Sproat Lake, Northern Vancouver Island, lives a big black bear that dances on his hind legs at sight of man and has a craving for honey and sugar.

No one, not even Indians, lives within many miles of the island, which stands alone at the mouth of a little creek which empties into the lake. The bear has his home in solitude, with no other animal larger than squirrels to disturb or fear him.

The dancing bear was discovered by a canoe party which was making an exploration trip from one end of the lake to the other. As the canoe was turning a head jutting out from the island a man in the bog noticed a huge bear squatting on the sand only a few yards away. He raised his gun to shoot, but when the animal, instead of scampering away into the woods, stood on his haunches like a trick dog the gun was put aside and the canoe was brought closer to the shore.

The bear held his ground and wagged his head from side to side. The boatmen tossed a lump of sugar in the direction of the bear and it was quickly devoured. The party landed on the beach and the big bear became so friendly that he ventured near enough to lick honey that had been spread on a paddle. The canoeists took a reel of photographs of the bear in various poses and then bade him good-by.

It is conjectured that years ago the bear, when only a cub, had been captured and tamed by men in a logging camp and then abandoned. Sproat Lake is becoming popular as a summer resort, so in future years the big bear is likely to have plenty of company, as well as sugar and honey.

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— OR —

HOW DAN SAVED HIS GOOD NAME

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Parmlee once more reversed his coat, and then Dan said:

"We are going to take a little walk with you, Mr. Griswold Parmlee, and we are going to ask you some questions. Whether we hand you over to the police who are very anxious to make your acquaintance since the affair of the Jardin Mabille depends entirely on the way you answer us. March, and keep in mind that we will walk on either side of you, and that we can outrun you, and also that if it comes to the pinch we can thrash any half dozen of the crooks you might summon to your aid by giving a secret signal."

With one of the alert lads on either side of him Parmlee was escorted out of the warehouse, and conducted along the streets.

"What do you want?" he at length asked.

"Before answering you," said Dan, "let me tell you that we know all about the job you put up with Slippery Sam Cash to have my friend and myself mauled into hospital condition at the garden, and let me also tell you that two of the prisoners who were taken at the time have signified their willingness to tell the truth if they can be promised their freedom for their services, and if they talk and you are in custody, nothing can save you from a long term in prison. Is that clear to you?"

"Yes," faintly answered Parmlee, who was evidently alarmed by the way that Dan presented matters, which was, of course, far from the truth, but the boy felt that he was justified in using any means whatever when dealing with such a man.

"Very well," said Dan, in a cocksure style that had its effect on the man he had captured. "We know that the job that was put on us was carried out to enable Slippery Sam Cash to get away from Paris, and we also know that he has gone, and we want you to tell us where."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Two Notes Which Were Delivered In The Waiting-Room.

Griswold Parmless shot a quick glance at each of the boys.

"How can I tell you if I don't know?" he asked.

"Don't try that game, because it will not work," sternly said Dan. "I am sure that you do know, because it would be a part of the conversation between you and Sam for him to say which route he was going to take, and it would be perfectly

natural for him to boast to you how he would be far away in some quarter of the globe while we were in the hospital as the result of the job you put up on us. You can't fool us, Parmlee, so you had better save your precious body from jail while you have the chance."

There was so much determination in the boy's tone that Parmlee was evidently convinced that he was in danger of arrest and imprisonment, and he changed his tune.

"Even allowing that I knew what you think I know," he said, "I would be putting my life in danger if I told you, for Sam is one of the most desperate men in the world, and would kill me if he found out that I betrayed him."

"Don't let that idea worry you," said Dick. "I'm well fixed, and I have put my fortune at Dan's disposal and we mean to follow the rascal up if we have to chase him six times around the world. We are sure to get him and take him back to the United States, and when he gets there he will not only be convicted of the crime for which we are following him up, but will also have to answer charges against him in half a dozen states, and that will mean that he will pass the best part of his life in jail."

"That relieves my mind," said Parmlee, with evident sincerity. "When I parted with him at the Hotel American he told me that he would take a train in an hour that would enable him to catch a steamer at Brest that touches there on its way to Lisbon."

"What was the name of the vessel?"

"La Tunita."

They hailed a passing cab, and were driven to the agency.

There they told their story to the manager, who at once called up the agency in Brest, and found out that the La Tunita had touched there the day after the affair at the Jardin Mabille, and had then gone on to Lisbon.

Then the manager asked about the next vessel to that some port, and learned that one touched at Brest the following day on her way to Lisbon, and that the boys would have plenty of time to catch it. Dick asked that orders be given for securing staterooms for all hands, and this was also attended to by the manager, Dick paying him the amount of the combined passages to replace the amount laid out by the Brest agency.

"That's all we want of you," said Dan to the prisoner.

Griswold Parmlee put on a sorrowful face.

Back to the Hotel American went the boys in the cab, which they kept waiting for them, for the manager of the agency had told them that they could get a train for Brest in an hour, and they were anxious to get there as soon as possible, thinking that if they had some time to spend in that city before their steamer touched there that they might pick up some information of value. Trunks were hastily packed, the bill paid, and away they went to the railroad station.

Leaving Henrietta in the waiting-room, the boys went to buy tickets and check the baggage to Brest.

Five minutes passed, and Henrietta sat there holding the handbag which contained small necessary articles.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST

GERMAN JESSE JAMES, CORNERED,
KILLS SELF

Germany's nearest approach to Jessie James has died by his own hand after being surrounded and battling with the police from a barricaded house for hours.

Emil Brass, the terror of the coal mining district of the Ruhr, with his brother, have long been as widely feared as the old James gang of Missouri. Two years ago they killed their first man and since that time committed more than two score of felonies besides many petty crimes. Their chief diversion was to fire upon policemen at sight and only recently two officers were killed in Dortmund. In the chase which followed, the younger brother was killed and Emil was surrounded in a deserted house in Oberwuppen, which he held by rifle fire for several hours. As the police closed in he committed suicide.

NICKNAMES OF CITIES

Albany—The Capital City.
Atlanta—The Gate City of the South.
Baltimore—The Monumental City.
Birmingham—Birmingham the Beautiful.
Boston—The Hub, Bean Town, Athens of America.
Brooklyn—The City of Churches.
Buffalo—The Queen City of the Lake.
Charleston, S. C.—The Palmetto City.
Chicago—The Windy City and Garden City.
Cincinnati—The Queen City and Porkopolis.
Cleveland—The Forest City.
Dallas—The City of the Hour.
Dayton—The Gem City.
Denver—The City of the Plains.
Des Moines—The City of Certainties.
Detroit—The City of the Straits.
Duluth—The Zenith City of the Unsalted Sea.
Galveston—The Oleander City.
Hannibal, Mo.—The Bluff City.
Hartford—Insurance City and Charter Oak City.
Indianapolis—The Railroad City.
Jacksonville—The Gateway City.
Kansas City—The Heart of America.
Keokuk, Ia.—The Gate City.
Little Rock—The City of Roses.
Los Angeles—The Metropolitan of the West and the City of the Angels.
Louisville—The Falls City.
Lowell—The City of Spindles.
Lynn—The City of Shoes.
Madison, Wis.—The Lake City.
Memphis—The Bluff City.
Milwaukee—Milwaukee the Bright Spot and the Cream City.
Minneapolis—The Flour City.
Nashville—The City of Rocks.
Newark—Newark Knows How.
New Bedford—The Whaling City.
New Haven—The City of Elms.
New Orleans—The Crescent City.

New York—The Empire City, Gotham, The Metropolis.

Omaha—The Gate City of the West.

Philadelphia—The City of Brotherly Love and the Quaker City.

Pittsburg—The Iron City and the Smoky City.

Portland, Me.—The Forest City.

Portland, Ore.—The Rose City.

Providence—The Gateway of Southern New England.

Reading—The Pretzel City.

Rochester—The Flour City.

St. Joseph—The City Worth While.

St. Louis—The Mound City.

St. Paul—The Sainly City and the Gem City.

Salt Lake City—The City of the Saints.

San Francisco—The Golden Gate City.

Savannah, Ga.—The Forest City of the South.

Scranton—The Electric City.

Seattle—The Queen City.

Springfield, Ill.—The Flower City.

Springfield, Mass.—The City of Homes.

Syracuse—The Salt City and the Central City of the Empire State.

Toledo—The Corn City.

Troy—The Collar City.

Washington—The City of Magnificent Distances.

Worcester—The Heart of the Commonwealth.

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THE LONE HUT

By KIT CLYDE

I dare say most people will remember the time when a number of false notes were in circulation, both in London and most of the chief cities of the United Kingdom. Who put them into circulation no one could tell. Now one would be passed by a heavy swell—another by a respectable old man, having much of a clerical look about him—and then again another by a lady. "Evidently a lady," the victimized tradespeople would declare, "for she came up in a carriage and pair, with a coachman and a footman all complete."

How could Messrs. Tassel & Blume suspect a lady who did her shopping in that manner—although they did think it strange she did not have the goods sent home, but carried them with her? The goods came to over forty pounds. A fifty-pound note produced—tested in the proper way by the tradesman in his counting-house out of sight of the lady so that she should not be offended. It answered every test.

Being wetted, the water-marks showed up darkly, which proved that the paper was of the right kind. Then the engraving was so perfect—everything exact. No, not everything. I was the first to notice that. It was that the figure of Britannia, in the corner, had a head too big, and there were one or two other discrepancies in the engraving from the real note but so slight that it wanted a sharp eye to notice them. I consulted my partner, a clever young fellow named Snaresdale.

He listened for some time to my story, and I could see that he was not quite too well pleased with the idea until I put some further points before him, when he said:

"Take it, Gerval."

Leaving my partner, I went to the nearest grogery and got a glass of grog and a cigar.

I had almost fallen asleep over my cigar and grog, when I heard someone speaking in the bar.

Instantly I crept to the window in the door of the smoking-room, and drawing the curtain a little on one side, peeped in.

A handsome fellow of about thirty was busily engaged examining a railway guide. He had evidently found the train he wanted, for he glanced quickly up at the clock, and, finding that he had no time to spare, drank his grog and hurried off leaving the railway guide open on the counter.

In a minute I was out of my room, had seized the guide and examined the page carefully; for I had seen him run his thumb-nail down the line and I had no doubt but that he would leave a long scratch with it. He had done so, and I found that the station he wanted was Swaningdale. I hurried off to the station at once, and arrived just in time to miss the train, but there was another that went an hour later.

"All right," I thought as I jumped into a hansom cab and drove home. "I am on the track now. If that fellow was not the so-called Captain O'Meara my name is not Gerval. I felt certain that he had something to do in this matter—and I am right."

Swaningdale looked rather gloomy when I arrived; for what had been fog in London had been rain down there. But the weather was worn, and the Golden Sheaf one of the most comfortable inns I have ever stopped at. When I rose in the morning the sun was shining brightly. The birds sang cheerily, the air was fresh and beautiful and the sweet scent of Swaningdale Woods filled the air with odors.

Of course, the first thing I had to do was to make friends with the landlord, and so learn all that I could about the people; and the news I heard was of the most meager kind, Boniface not being a communicative host.

No, there was not much company in the country. Swaningdale belonged to Sir George Martingale, but he never lived there; he was always out of the country. A rich gentleman from abroad had taken the old place, and kept it "proper." What was his name? Captain Kelly.

And this was all I could hear from my host; not much, beyond that the name of Captain Kelly reminded me of Captain James O'Kelly, alias O'Meara.

It was a beautiful morning that after which I arrived at Swaningdale, and I took a stroll over the country, and lovely I found it.

I was passing through a woodland scene of great beauty when I heard the sound of voices, and listened.

"Miss Rose Elmsley," said a man, in deep, rich tones, "I pray you to listen to me. I have already told you how deeply—how passionately—I love you. I did so in a moment when my passion overcame my better feelings. I know I am unworthy of you, and therefore press my suit no further; but if I cannot be your husband, at least let me be your friend. Beware of this Captain James O'Kelly."

"You do well to speak thus of your host."

"Host! I think I have paid enough for the hospitality I have received at Swaningdale. Well, I have warned you—I can do on more. But should trouble come—and come it will, I am convinced—do not forget that you have a friend in Cecil Fortescue. Good-morning, Miss Elmsley."

From the place where I was standing I could just get a glimpse of the speaker. The man was a fine, soldier-like looking fellow.

I was about turning from this place when a peculiar noise attracted my attention. I paused and listened in wonder. What could it be? That was the clink of some machinery. I crept down through the tangled underwood, and at last, much to my surprise, found a path which led to what had the appearance of being a blacksmith's hut—a miserable, dirty place, to all appearances deserted, for the windows were boarded up and a padlock was on the door.

I heard footsteps coming rapidly behind me, and turning round, beheld a handsome, dashing fellow hurrying along. He had only a mustache—beard and whiskers had gone—but I at once knew my old friend Captain O'Kelly.

I evaded him, as I did not wish to be recognized, and strolled in another direction back to the hotel, fully convinced that I was on the right track.

I had finished luncheon, had somewhat altered my attire, and was smoking a cigar at the door of the hotel, wondering what I should do next, when

O'Kelly, dressed in riding costume, dashed up on horseback, and, dismounting, threw the reins to an hostler, with the direction that he should walk the mare up and down to prevent it getting a chill.

Strolling up to him, I engaged him in conversation; and after a while we had a drink together and became great friends—so great that I was invited to stay at Swaningdale instead of the hotel—an invitation I at once accepted.

"Come early," he said, as we shook hands. "Here come the lady for whom I have been waiting. Good-day."

"I could not come earlier, James dear," she said, all in a flutter.

"Hush, hush! That will do, Rose," he said; and having introduced me, he hurried the lady away to her horse.

As he was assisting her to mount, she turned her head around and perceived a lady watching her. The crimson color flew into her cheeks. Quickly recovering herself, she vaulted lightly on her horse and rode away, followed by the captain, who mounted his horse more leisurely.

I then turned my attention to the lady.

"You are ill, madam," I said. "Permit me to assist you into the hotel. A short rest and some stimulant——"

"Thank you, sir, you are very kind. But I am better now. You know the lady and gentleman who have just ridden away?"

"Only slightly; but as I am going to make a short visit to Swaningdale, we shall become better acquainted."

"I congratulate you on your good fortune," she said, somewhat bitterly. "But, take my advice—do not play cards."

We shook hands, and the next moment she was gone.

Everything at Swaningdale was on the most extensive plan.

"Come, Mr. Lawrence," said our host, after we had drank our wine and returned to the ladies. "Do you play cards?"

"A little, but I fear I am a poor hand at them."

"Well, I will teach you."

Cards were produced, and I played just long enough to lose more than I liked, and then I rose from the table.

I strolled through the rooms until I met Miss Grace Fanshaw, to whom I had been formally introduced, and she at once walked with me. Her conversation was brilliant and witty, but when we were crossing an ante-room some distance from the rest of the company, her manner changed. Turning to me she demanded, sharply:

"What made you play cards?"

"To be like the rest."

"Like the rest! They are all rooks and pigeons—sharps and flats. Who are you?"

"George Lawrence——" I began, when she stopped me.

"Yes, yes—I know that story. You need not tell me unless you like. I think I can guess. Take care. These men are for the most part desperate and sooner than their frauds should be found out, would commit murder."

She had scarcely left me when a footman hurried up and gave me a note, at the same time in-

timating that the person who brought it was waiting for an answer. The note ran thus:

"Come at once. Your clue was right. Danger."

I new the place where that note came from, and bidding the servant tell his master that I had been called away on important business—but not unless he inquired for me—and that I should be back soon, I hurried away, and having donned my greatcoat, left the Hall in the company of a man dressed like a coachman, but whom I knew to be a policeman.

Down we went through the woods until we came to the hollow wherein stood the lone hut, and there we were joined by some twenty constables, some of whom were dressed in plain clothes. A few hurried words and the inspector of the county police placed his men round the hut, while I and two men advanced to the building from which came the same strange, rumbling noise. We listened at the door, and then at a signal from me, my companion and myself rushed against the door.

A crash, and we stumbled into the hut. A muttered cry, and the light was dashed out, and the next moment someone sprang at my throat. I knocked him down, and called for lights, which were soon brought, and to my delight I discovered as pretty a copperplate press and a lithograph press, together with engraved plates of banknotes, as ever I saw in my life.

Two men were found hard at work at the presses, and no sooner were the "wristbands" on them than they confessed all—even to admitting that most of the men at the Hall were in the scheme, and Captain O'Meara, or Kelly, the soul of the plot.

The capture having been made, I instructed the police how to act, and then returned to the Hall, removed all signs of my having been out, and was proceeding to the drawing-room, when I heard the voices of women in angry conversation:

"Grace, Grace!" cried a female voice. "I know you have some dreadful plot at work against the captain."

"If I have, I have reason for it. He is fair to look at, but his soul is foul with sin. He has ruined me, and I will not spare him."

The door of the apartment in which these ladies were speaking was a little way open. I looked in and beheld Miss Franshaw, cold and haughty, and Rose Elmsley standing before her in an imploring attitude.

I saw the case pretty clearly now, and passed on to the drawing-room, entered it and having closed the door, locked it.

"What do you mean by this——" commanded Captain O'Kelly, when I stopped him.

"Pardon me, captain," I said, "I have my duty to perform. I am Detective Gerval, and am down here to trace out some forged notes and——"

"Forged notes!" yelled the captain, turning deadly pale, but putting on the air of the bully. "I do not understand you."

He muttered a fierce cry and sprang on me. Fortunately for me though not for him, he held his arm stretched out before him. Before he could touch my throat I had his wrists—"click"—and he was pretty well settled. The next day he went to Australia—a prisoner.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

FISHERMEN WERE IN LUCK

Puget Sound and neighboring harbors have been invaded by mackerel, cod, halibut and other known and unknown species of fish. Thirty thousand pounds of plaice were taken in a single haul, and a thirty-pound cod was caught from a wharf; near Bremerton Navy Yard seiners discovered huge quantities of a tiny fish resembling the Norway sardine. This inshore movement of fishes, says the Scientific American, is laid to a great earthquake that disturbed the floor of the Pacific and caused an abrupt change in the currents of the Northwest coast.

FOUR QUARTS OF OLD SCOTCH FOR 15 CENTS

The best bargain on record since King Richard offered his kingdom for a horse was completed at Victoria, B. C., Aug. 25. An auctioneer was selling the contents of an old house, the home of a widely-known and respected family. He came to a huge packing case in the cellar, filled with old rags and papers.

"How much am I offered for this packing case?" he asked.

"Fifteen cents," said the Luckiest Man in the World.

"Sold," said the auctioneer when no one else bid.

The Luckiest Man in the world took the packing case home to make a chicken coop out of it. Under the old rags and papers he found four quart bottles of old Scotch whisky. All for fifteen cents. At current British Columbia Government liquor prices he figures that his profit was a thousand per cent. The owners of the house are now wondering how they overlooked that packing case.

MONEY ORDERS PUT ON DOLLAR BASIS

The American dollar advances one more step toward supremacy as a medium of international exchange with the receipt at the Post Office Department in Washington of the acceptance by Grenada, a British colony in the West Indies, of a modification of the 1904 postal convention, put-

ting money order transactions between the United States and the colony on a dollar instead of a pound sterling basis. The Governor of Grenada signed the modification to be effective October 1.

This is the culmination of the first step taken by the Post Office Department some time ago with a view to placing all the British West India colonies on the same basis. The communication from Grenada accepting the modification indicated that the islands of St. Vincent and St. Lucia would execute separate conventions in the near future.

Other British colonies in the West Indies which have been asked to make a similar change are Jamaica, Barbados, Bermuda, Bahama, Antigua, St. Kitts, Nevis, Trinidad and Tobago, and the British Virgin Islands.

The change will mean that money orders may be purchased in the United States for these countries payable in American dollars which will be convertible into English currency by the colonial authorities at the market rate instead of the old pre-war rate of \$4.87 per pound sterling.

This is calculated to stimulate not only the sale of money orders between this country and the colonies, but to stimulate trade relations as a direct result of the stabilization of exchange.

LAUGHS

"Saw my husband downtown to-day, but passed him. I didn't recognize him." "How was that?" "He was smiling."

Elsie—After I wash my face I look in the mirror to see if it's clean. Don't you? Bobby—Don't have to. I look at the towel.

Our minister delivered a touching oration this morning. What was his subject? He asked for the annual missionary contributions.

"I'm going to get lots of Christmas presents," said little Willie. "I've got three uncles." "Bet I get more'n you," replied Johnny. "My sister's got six beaux."

"Strategy," said Private Murphy, up before the sergeant for examination, "is whin yez don't let the inimy dishcover that ye are out ov amunishun, but kape on firin'!"

"I am soliciting contributions for the Drunkards' Home," began the charity worker. "Sure," replied the woman of the house. "There's my husband. Take him."

Waiter—What'll you have? Rube Jayseed—Waal, I don't know which to take, whether roast beef, veal or mutton. Waiter—Take corn beef hash, and yer'll get ther whole lot.

He had invited the minister to go fishing with him. As they stole toward the lake in the gray dawn of the morning the clergyman asked: "Have we all the bait we ought to have?" "No," replied Diggsby, "not by a jug full!"

GOOD READING

GOLDBEATERS MAKE LEAVES 282,000TH OF INCH THICK

Goldbeaters can reduce leaves of gold so thin that 282,000 must be lain upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch, each leaf is so free from flaws that one of them lain upon any surface as in gilding gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book 1,500 of them would occupy the space of only a single leaf of ordinary print paper and an octavo volume of an inch in thickness would have as many pages as the books of a library of 1,500 volumes with 400 pages in each book. Still thinner than this, too, is the coating of gold upon silver wire of the trimming known as gold lace.

Although the thread the silkworm spins is so fine that a hundred of the delicate fibers are necessary in the twisting of the finest silk sewing thread, the web-making material of the common spider is so much finer than the silkworm's thread that a mass of it less than two drachms in weight would if stretched its entire length extend a distance of 400 miles.

WOMAN-HATING PARROT

A woman-hating parrot, another which sings "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet" and a third which is so vain that she continually announces, "I'm so pretty" are among the parrot population of Sawtelle, Cal., which were disclosed in a recent census.

"Zip" is the parrot which positively refuses to have anything to do with the fair sex. Zip is owned by Mrs. M. E. Gilbert, No. 325 Colorado avenue. Neither she, her daughter nor any of their female neighbors can do other than make Zip bristle up his feathers and emit a low growl when they appear. But when S. A. Gilbert, a son, or any other male appears and requests Zip to talk, whistle or do many tricks, he responds readily.

Very frequently Zip will extend invitations such as "Come on over, Ethel!" or "Come on over, Marie!" There is no one by this name in the Gilbert household and "Ethel and Marie" are believed to refer to some female friends in Zip's dark past. He is eighteen years old.

Polly, who sings "Put On Your Gray Bonnet," is owned by Mrs. Chloe C. Totten. When she sees the children going to school she politely asks, "Going to school?" But on Sunday when they are wearing their best bib and tucker, she invariably salutes them with "Good boys and girls going to church." She alternates her favorite song frequently with "Glory to His Name," which she sings in perfect tune.

The vain little bird is Polly Myers and a native of Mexico. She is owned by Mrs. E. J. Myers. She insists upon being called Polly at all times, and if called by any other name she promptly emits a series of squawks, intermingled with "Polly, Polly, Polly."

Patsy Boy, owned by Mrs. Emma Frazell, on Antietam street, was hatched in the Island of

Pines, near Havana. Patsy Boy's pet aversions are cats and dogs. It doesn't matter to Patsy Boy what a cat or dog is doing, it shouldn't be done. She promptly cries out, "Don't do that, don't you dare do that, you cat." Incidentally, Patsy Boy called a dog a cat, but it is not known whether it is used figuratively or not.

PONY PIRATES

Motorists passing through the New Forest, Hampshire, England, after dark have to keep their eyes open to avoid running into the stray bands of cattle and horses that wander in a semi-wild state over the roads and through the recesses of this thinly populated country.

The chief offenders are the shaggy-haired ponies, but as they are as cunning as old foes, more often than not the passing motorist only discovers them, with his dazzle lights, when they are peering at him with wide-eyed indifference from behind a tree.

These animals, intractable and semi-wild, belong to a species of nomads that never by any chance wander singly, but mostly in couples and sometimes in small battalions.

Strange as it may appear, the edible grass stuff is not nourishing enough to appease the appetite of these ponies, and no pony above a certain size is likely to survive for long. Hence in their search for food they wander far and wide, and overcome many obstacles to obtain that which they dearly love—cabbages, sprouts and other cultivated plants grown by the villagers in their gardens.

These pony pirates, when they come across a field of plants, will hang about all day if there is any one about waiting for the opportunity to get in, in the meantime feeding quite innocently from the hedgerows. But they get busy at night time.

One of the forest laws is that ponies must not be shod, and this enables them to cover up their tracks easily.

Their instinct and sight are marvelous, as on the darkest of nights they will make for the weakest spot in a fence.

They test the strength of the obstacle by pushing their bodies against the wire or paling. If it resists they walk up and down, endeavoring to find an opening.

Failing in that, they will charge, deliberately going back and rushing the obstruction. They will keep on doing this until something gives way, when they will nose the obstacle out of the way and enter the field or cottage garden.

If there is any trailing wire they will push their heads under it and fling it up over their bodies.

They have even been seen to push open five-barred gates and lift the latches with their noses.

They can pick their way up the narrow path of a garden, pass the dog in the kennel, and brush through open chicken runs, and neither the dog nor the chickens have been disturbed, and the inmates of the house have not known of their presence till they found in the morning that all the tops of their cabbages had been eaten off.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

SNAKES UPSET CAR

John Sapleton, a salesman, driving from Goshen, N. J., on the Bayshore Road, to Swanton, on the seashore road, through a densely wooded spot, saw two snakes apparently in deadly combat.

Thinking he would kill both snakes by running over them, he turned his car toward them. In some manner the snakes got entangled in the steering gear and before Sapleton could stop had run off the side of the road and the car turned turtle.

Sapleton was not injured and passing automobilists helped him right the car. The reptiles were found to be king snakes that measured nearly 7 feet each in length.

FOX SHARKS CAUGHT OFF ENGLISH COAST

Unusually large numbers of fox sharks have been caught off Sunderland lately. In several cases they have been so large as to break the nets or carry off part of them. An exceptionally large specimen which became entangled in the net of some salmon fishers struggled so fiercely that the men had to cut the net adrift to save the boat from being overturned. The fish have generally been found a few miles out to sea, but a few days ago alarm was caused among the bathers at Roker, a seaside resort near Sunderland, by the appearance of one, stated to be about ten feet long, off the pier.

Local fishermen suggest that the fish may have been drawn to the locality by the presence of bodies freed from vessels sunk during the war.

Another theory is that they have been brought by a change in ocean currents.

Fox sharks, which are also known as sea apes, are not common off the coast of Britain, but a few specimens are usually caught each year following the shoals of herrings and pilchards. They have slender bodies, and with the tails, they often attain a length of fifteen feet.

BERLIN'S BLOODED DOGS PARADE IN STREETS

Headed by a flock of sheep lashed together and guarded by shepherd dogs wearing muzzles, Berlin's blooded dogs of every description were paraded through the streets recently.

The parade followed the route used by political demonstrators, starting from the Zoological Garden and marching down Unter den Linden to the Lush Garten. Clipped poodles, panting Pomeranians and waddling dachshunds had their places in line, but chief attention was given to the files of collies and troops of police dogs.

At one of the most crowded corners a demonstration of police dog ability was arranged. A man suddenly ran away with a bicycle from the curb and dashed into the crowd. At a word from one of the guards a police dog sprang after him and stopped the thief before he had gone

forty yards. The dog then calmly trotted back to his place in the parade ranks.

The parade had to be halted for an hour when the police discovered that some one had stolen the padded costume to be worn by the "criminal." Another was rushed from an outlying station, however, and the parade went on.

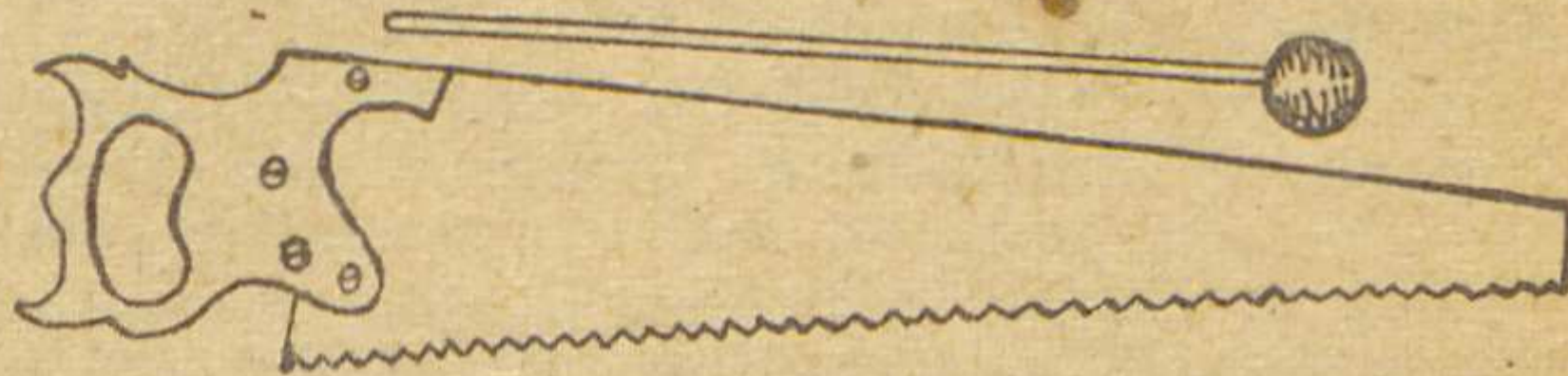
GOLDFISH WITH HISTORY

Forty gold fish, some of them a foot long, brought to Princeton, Ind., from Washington, Ind., by C. G. Taylor, Secretary of the Princeton Chamber of Commerce, and Dr. M. P. Hollingsworth, have a history. The two men found them in a pond on the premises of the Hinch Manufacturing Company, where, according to Taylor, they have been thriving ever since 1913.

High water forced the fish into the pond. Literally, they were rescued from an aquarium car, on its way from New Jersey to California, which was stranded in the Big Four yards when the White River bridge was washed out. The fish then were minnows, dull in color. Only the fact that they were shipped by the Government gave any indication that they were unusual.

Taylor, who was then connected with the Hinch plant, recalls that in a year after they were placed in the pond they "turned gold." After that he lost track of them until last Saturday, when Jack Holliday, who came to Princeton from Washington, spoke of a pond that was filled with gold fish.

The Princeton men, arriving at Washington, found the report true. They seined only enough gold fish to bring back samples. Monday the largest fish of the lot leaped from its jar and was killed when it fell to the tile floor of the Chamber of Commerce office. It is reported that the gold fish, which thrive so well in a mill pond, are Japanese fish.

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LARGE SHARK IN FRESH WATER LAKE

A Philadelphia despatch of recent date stated that a twelve-foot shark had been shot and killed in the Delaware River at Tacony, and went on to say: "How it managed to get nearly 100 miles from its native ocean haunts is a mystery."

That sharks occasionally ascend rivers into fresh water, there can be no doubt, though in Northern latitudes they do not remain there.

Lake Nicaragua, at the head of the San Juan River, at least 125 miles from the Atlantic, in a straight line, is simply alive with man-eating sharks, many of them monsters. It is common to see them lying just below the surface, as if any hopless individual unlucky enough to fall into the water.

That they are not a fanciful menace to life is proved by statistics, which show that twenty-five persons annually fall victims to them in the lake. It is noteworthy that they are of the same species found in the Caribbean Sea, and it is supposed they ascend the river to the lake. It is also worthy of note that Lake Nicaragua is the only body of fresh water in the world known to be inhabited by sharks.

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